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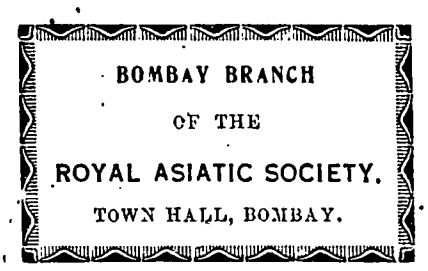

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COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

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OF

THE EDITOR.

THE Sketches here submitted to the public are taken from the manuscripts of a person, who wrote them originally with some view to their publication, but became disheartened during the progress of his work, and shrunk from the thought of presenting himself before the world as an author. They are published by his executor, to whom, a little before his death, he intrusted his papers, with permission to publish any sketches which might appear worthy of notice. The editor has not thought himself at liberty, in any case, to substitute real names for those by which the author thought proper to designate his characters; and he has observed this caution even where concealment would

be unattainable—as in the sketch of Waller, which will be generally recognised as intended for the character of the late Rev. Charles Woulfe, author of the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore." It is, however, to be understood that, except the names, scarcely any thing contained in this little volume can properly be termed fictitious. If the sketches now published shall be thought deserving of attention, the editor will feel himself encouraged and authorised to make further extracts from the manuscripts of which he has been made the depositary.

COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

I HOPE I may have perseverance enough to employ my unoccupied hours, for some time to come, in the task of recording occurrences, and describing situations in which it was my fortune to be an observer, or an actor, during the years of my collegiate life. I have arrived at a period when I can most faithfully record them. Before this, the memory of them was associated with feelings which might have communicated to my narratives an exaggerated colouring, and I think I can foresee, that if I defer my purpose long, the remembrance of college days may fade from my mind, according as stronger or nearer interests shall cause the importance of college associations to lessen in my regard. I am greatly changed since that time, but am not less happy. I can think of all that then was interesting: of the friends with whom I enjoyed such

entire communion: of those social hours in which sportiveness and study were so delightfully blended together: I can think of the agitating excitement which interests, such as then appeared great, had the power to make me feel; and I can think upon the time when hope promised every thing bright and valuable, and a confiding spirit received her promises as truth. I can think of those days, with a certainty that none like them shall occur again in this world, and without a wish that they should return. Could I desire a happier frame of mind in which to record my College Recollections?

The character of college life in the Dublin university is not so properly academic as it is in either of the great English institutions. The situation of the Dublin college, and the lenity with which its government is administered, facilitates an union between the habits derived from society as it exists in the world, and those acquired by academic pursuits. My recollections, therefore, may appear, in some cases, to have little of the character which one might at first expect, but still they are in general very different from recollections not conversant with college life. However little secluded from society the students in the university of

Dublin may be, they nevertheless imbibe, in their collegiate pursuits, a spirit which they could not catch in the world. The respect which is insensibly acquired and established for intellectual pre-eminence, the hope of distinction, and the dread of disgrace, cannot but mould all generous minds into a character different from that which would be formed by mere intercourse with the world; and amongst those who are distinguished, or who aspire at distinction, there is a constant looking out towards the future, which gives to youth a character not naturally its own. From this habit of looking forward, at first, perhaps, no farther than to the time of college honours, then towards the distinctions and advantages in the world, of which the academic successes were only encouraging omens, the youthful mind frequently becomes invested with a portion of that dignity which is thought more properly characteristic of mature age, and affords a spectacle not often to be observed in the world; a young man in all the warmth and flush of opening life, not more affected by the passions and pleasures which would make him the captive of the present hour, than by the visions and presentiments which would preserve him for the future.

It was my fortune in college to have formed, although a limited, a very varied society; a society comprising some of those who were most distinguished for talents and attainments, and some who were equally remarkable, although nature and idle habits had left them without any reasonable hope of attaining literary distinction. How scattered are all the members of this society now! Some are dead; some are altered; and yet there are instances in which the alteration in circumstances and habits, and tastes, has spared the affections, and left the spirit of friendship, and that spirit only, unaffected. But I have seen that too changed; and at this moment, the remembrance which presses most strongly upon me, is that of him whom I once regarded with the liveliest though not the deepest affection, and from whom I have learned the lesson, that, although friendship may withstand the influence of pride or ambition, or even avarice, it cannot abide in the heart of one who devotes himself to a profligate life. I will endeavour to describe him. He is dead; and my hope of being united in friendship with one for whom I still felt a regard, which open profligacy ought to have destroyed, was [illegible] as it deserved.

LORTON.

To a general observer, who knew my character, it would appear as if the dispositions and habits of Lorton must be for me peculiarly repulsive. He had been uncontrolled in childhood, having lost both his parents at a very early age; had delivered himself to all the impulses of youth, with little consideration for himself or others, and when I became acquainted with him, it was evident, on the slightest inspection, that he was under the influence of no fixed principle. Such a character was not likely to prove attractive to any man, but must be thought repulsive and terrifying to one who loved and practised (at least external) morality. Yet he, without literary pretension, or captivating manners, or prepossessing exterior, was a person to whom I attached myself with more warmth perhaps than I felt for much more valued

friends. I thought I discovered in him a generosity and an enthusiasm which more than counterbalanced his defects. Associating with him only at times when he was not under the influence of criminal passions, or engaged in vicious pursuits, I found in his habits of thinking a gallantry and a refinement which he must have had from nature, and I did not think that the nature which originated such sentiments could ever harbour meanness or duplicity.

He was about twenty years of age when I first met him: his appearance was much more youthful than might be expected from his age, and his knowledge of the world more considerable. He had a presence of mind which never forsook him, and an adroitness in the management of difficult affairs, and a readiness in devising expedients which seemed to increase in proportion to the emergency requiring their exercise. He was one of the very few men of whom it may with truth be affirmed that they love and court danger. He seemed to think of it only as a pleasing and powerful excitement, and so little did it leave of painful or troubled reflection behind, that I have seen him, when he had but just extricated himself from some imminent peril, enter into company, and

converse with as easy and disengaged an air as if he had only at that moment quitted his books.

It may readily be imagined, that to such a man the quiet habits of a studious life must be distasteful. He could, however, at times devote himself with much ardour to study, and even find pleasure in it; but as soon as the capricious impulse of the moment had subsided, and labour became irksome, he at once abandoned all his good resolutions, making no effort to struggle with himself and overmaster his idle inclinations. On such occasions, his practice was to restore his books to their shelves, dress himself, as he always did, with great attention, and sally out (as he expressed it, and as was literally the case) in quest of adventures.

For a life of this kind nature had given him many advantages. His personal appearance was, to those who were judges of its expression, far from prepossessing. There was in his countenance something of half-hidden ferocity, which, though kept from flashing out into action by his projects or his success, appeared always ready to manifest itself, if excited by opposition; and there was, also, an expression of mingled boldness and sensuality, as if he had ceased to feel either dread or shame of sin. But I have known many

who thought his appearance more than pleasing. His features were such as are generally considered good, and there was diffused over his countenance that fine and smooth colouring, which seems to many an eye the hue of good-nature; while his figure, light, well-proportioned, and handsome, (though rather below than above the middle height,) set off by a bold and graceful carriage, wore frequently an air of perfect candour. Add to these external advantages, an effrontery not to be subdued, and a kind of instinct by which he seemed at once to know the characters upon which he was most likely to produce a favourable impression, and upon whom he used to pour forth, like a torrent, a species of eloquence, which, if it did not make them feel deeply, allowed them but little time to think; and you will have the qualifications for evil adventures of a man to whom conscience never spoke the language of warning, nor ever appeared in any other likeness than that of remorse.

I was walking with him one day on the banks of the canal; some circumstance, which I cannot now recollect, had caused the walks to be more than usually crowded, and Lorton was in high spirits, and commenting in a very amusing manner

on the groups which passed us by. Suddenly he paused, and said, in an altered tone, to one of our party, "Is not that man on the bridge V——?"

"Yes."

Immediately he went up to the gentleman.

"Your name, Sir, is V——?"

"It is, have you any commands with me?"

"Yes! I learned last night, that you were base enough to speak disrespectfully of my cousin, Miss A——, and I intended calling on you to-day, to get your signature to a paper, denying that you ever used the expressions imputed to you, or to chastise you as your conduct deserves."

"Sir, I shall offer no explanation to a person who demands it in so improper a manner."

"Then I tell you that you have behaved in an infamous manner, that you are a liar and a coward. Now if you have any demand to make on me, this is my address."

At this point of the dispute I attempted to interfere, for before this it was impossible. I said that Mr. V—— would make allowance for Lorton's feelings, if he knew how they had been excited, and endeavoured to appease him by various representations, but to no purpose. He interrupted me.—

"Sir, the nature of the misunderstanding is altered, I am the person who have received an insult not to be borne." Then turning to Lorton, he said, "You shall hear from me before night."

The conversation terminated for the time—we turned away and walked on for some time in silence. The first who spoke was Lorton.

"What a pretty girl that was who was leaning on V——'s right arm: did you see how pale she grew, and how her lip trembled while I was speaking to that scoundrel?"

"No, indeed, I saw no such thing, and I wonder how you can talk about it."

"I tell you, I can talk and think of nothing else, and that if I get well out of this affair, I will make it my business to have myself introduced to her. I don't doubt but that I will make it one of the conditions of accepting an apology from V—— that he shall be my gentleman usher: come now, don't be looking like the witness in the city of the plague, as O'Brien says, crying, 'Woe to the bloody city!' let us get through one hour merrily here, and then back to college, and think of what may happen."

It was in this manner he talked on during the whole time of our promenade. When we found

ourselves at home his mind was changed, but the change was still more shocking, for he seemed now alive to nothing but thoughts and wishes of revenge: however, the matter ended peaceably, for Mr. V——'s friend, who called on us at four o'clock in the evening, was a calm rational man, and from the representations I made to him, consented, on V——'s part, to make such concessions as appeased Lorton's vindictive feelings, and induced him to express regret for the intemperance of his conduct.

On the third evening after this, we were sitting at a large window which looked out into the college park, and conversing in a tone which a person unacquainted with the depths of Lorton's mind, would have thought little suited to his character. It was in the time of the long vacation, and the students, except the few who had no other home than their chambers, and the still fewer who preferred remaining in the deserted college, as better adapted for their literary labours, had dispersed to their various friends. At this season, the silence and solitude in which the evening closes, invest the beautiful structures within the college enclosures, with something of a monumental character, and diffuse over the minds of such as can feel their influence,

a more than ordinary solemnity. We were looking into the park, where a no less pensive influence appeared to preside. The air was perfectly still, and the forms of the large trees before us were motionless, and without a single ray of light upon them to break the monotonous repose in which the evening was fading away. From the streets outside the park, there was only a faint and inarticulate murmur of life, and the solitary forms of the few gowned stragglers who had come out, like the owl, at the day's departure, to breathe the free air they had earned by toil and confinement, served only to render the loneliness around them still more remarkable.

No man, at times, had more complete sympathy with nature than Lorton. He appeared to imbibe the spirit of this evening scene, and, as if to give the fullest effect to the influence of the hour, while we were speaking in low suppressed tones, on the solemn subjects which the scene was calculated to inspire, the death bell of St. Mark's church sounded. There is something almost irresistible in the first toll of a large bell, when the mind is properly attuned for it. It surprises you like a startling incident. If it have nothing preternatural about it, it is, at least, strikingly distinct from all

natural sounds. It does not come gradually upon you, making for the ear some note of preparation. It issues into existence full formed, and announces, as it were, something finished and irrevocable, announcing it too, with a solemnity and a sternness, which make you feel that all expostulation is vain; and, even in its dying fall, when it appears to have assumed something like sympathy for human sorrow, it still preserves its character of decision, and although no sound is more estranged from hope, yet it seems as if hope lingered until the last vibration of the note, and died as it sunk away. If the grave had found a voice and proclaimed that all was vanity, it could not have impressed Lorton more powerfully.

It appeared as if he had dedicated himself to newness of life, and that from that moment he was to be an altered man. "I have had," said he, "frequent presentiments of evil. I have often thought that my end was to be sudden and dreadful; and, the other day, even when the balloon was ascending, and the cloud received it from our sight, and it then appeared, higher up, like a speck in the sky, I felt as if it were intended for my condemnation, as if to announce to me that I should never ascend toward the region I was re-

minded of. It seemed to say to me, there is a heaven where you shall never be; and the first toll of this bell had for a moment the same effect: but I know this is folly, and why should not I, as well as others, win good hopes by a good life."

This was the tone in which we were conversing, until we were interrupted by a foolish good-natured fellow, who came whistling into the room: "Oh! these bells," said he, "I wish somebody would bring in an act of parliament against every bell that ever was cast for church or college. What? —You like it, do you? By all accounts you deserved to have enough of it, and at your ease too. What a pretty fellow you were, Lorton, to go insult a man six feet high on the canal bridge. If he served you right, he'd have popt you into the lock, and sent your soul indignant to Pluto's drear abodes: there you'll be weeping and wailing, as Mawworm says in the play: there's that bell again: oh! you're a pretty fellow! it ought to be tolling for you. 'A pit of clay for to be made.' Did you see Conway last night? He played his part like shot. Don't you think Miss O'Neil a fine girl? But she's not half so pretty as the girl on the canal bridge. Singleton showed her to me just now as we were coming down

Dame-street. 'There's the lady,' says he, 'that was walking with the fellow that Lorton was going to fight.'"

"Where did you see her?" said Lorton.

"In Dame Street, and I saw her not ten minutes since, go into Allen's shop.—"

Instantly, as if a solemn thought had never crossed his mind, Lorton started up, and before I could form the least idea of his intentions, he was passing rapidly through the college courts, and was soon out of sight. Thompson remained behind wondering at what mad whim had taken possession of "that crazy Lorton;" and when he had exhausted all terms of abuse against his folly, he entertained me with accounts of Conway and Miss O'Neil, and occasional regrets that there was ever such a language invented as Latin or Greek, or such things as Euclid and Algebra; and earnest wishes that government would condemn all science, except Gunnery, and Fortification, and things that were of some use.

In less than hour Lorton returned, humming to himself something like the air of a popular song, as he usually did when in particular good humour, and willing to be laughed at for the singular awkwardness of his musical attempts, in which the

nicest ear could not discover any two notes in tune.

"Thompson, my good fellow," said he, "will you find out Singleton, and bring him with you to supper at ten o'clock?"

"I wanted to get that fool away," said he, as Thompson closed the door, "for I have a great deal to tell you. I walked home with that beautiful girl, and am already almost intimate with her. I made her laugh several times, and give me her hand at parting; but I wish you could have seen the comical appearance of her protector when I first came up to address her. It was just as if he was galvanised,"—and he remained for some time laughing and describing with great drollery the gentleman's appearance;—he resumed his narrative. "I saw her at first coming out of Allen's shop, but she was, I believe, afraid of me, for when she saw me advancing, she went back again. All's fair, said I, I have laid no plan of operations yet, so you need be under no present apprehensions. I went into Archer's, and when she saw that I was not making any nearer approach, she took courage, and came out. I let her pass me, and saw that she was walking with a tall strong-looking man. If this gentleman's anger,

thought I, be greater than his prudence, he will of course attempt to knock me down; so, if possible, I'll take care that the rencounter shall be in a private street. Every thing favoured me — they passed the College, and turning down into Nassau Street, went along towards the square; and at last I found that we were all in Mount Street. Now is my time, said I, and passing over to the opposite side of the street from that on which they were walking, I got before them; — I then sprang back to the side at which they were, and stood in the way they were going, at about the length of this room from them. It was not until now they saw me. I heard her say "Look!" and she appeared to be excessively frightened. As soon as her eyes met mine, I took off my hat, and bowing in my best and most respectful manner," (he prided himself on his bow,) "I advanced, hat in hand, to the place where they were standing, as if transfixed with astonishment."

"Can this be possible?" interrupted I, "or are you merely exerting your inventive powers?"

"Truth," said he, "all truth, upon my honour. The only account I can give in explanation is, that she believed me to be deranged — and now that I think of my conduct on the canal, and

what my appearance was likely to have been this evening, I think such a supposition very probable. I am sure I must have looked very fierce; for as I came up, I expected that the man would knock me down. However, on I went. Without noticing her present fear, I was beginning an apology for the alarm I had given on the canal, when she said, with evident terror, but with an attempt at spirit, that she required no apology, and would take it as a favour, if I would leave her to pursue her walk. At this the gentleman who accompanied her thought himself called upon to interfere. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have the honour to be this lady's protector, and' —— I interrupted him: that is the only honour I am disposed to envy you: my business is with the lady,—afterwards I am at your service. I then resumed my apologies to her, and the end was, that I was permitted to accompany her through the town, as far as the turn to —— Street, where she lives; and that, as a proof she forgave me, she gave me her hand when we were parting. I have found out from her, that she is the daughter of Mr. ——, and that she goes to Bethesda every Sunday evening."

About this time I went into the country, where I remained for some months, and at my return to College found Lorton visibly altered for the worse.

He had lost the appearance of frankness which often distinguished him before; his fits of ill-temper and moroseness were more frequent, and of longer continuance, and he had lost all relish for the quiet pleasures which he used to enjoy highly, and to which his own exuberant spirits and oddity of humour served greatly to contribute. I was confident that this change in his manners was a consequence arising out of the life he led; yet still I did not lose my interest in him, and to do him justice, he still submitted to advice and expostulation from me, with an appearance of deference and attention. I was, however, no longer the depositary of his secrets, and my knowledge of him henceforth was for the most part acquired, by accident, from himself, or by enquiries from some other person.

It was principally owing to accident, that I learned the sequel of the canal adventure. On an evening in the following spring, I happened to see Lorton in company with a very beautiful but unhappy looking girl. She was just about to leave him, and was looking into his face with an earnestness, and yet a timidity that was almost akin to terror. It seemed as if he had made her feel that a fate depending on him was not a gentle one.

"Farewell!" said he, "think of what I have been saying!" This he said with a hard and unfeeling air and tone, and the poor girl seemed to shrink into herself, as if all was lost. She made him no reply, but hastily drawing down her veil, clasped her hands for a moment together, and then turning from him, walked rapidly but steadily away. He looked after her for a moment, and then, turning about, found that I had joined him. I asked him who the lady was who had just left him: "O don't you remember her? that's Miss ——: you know my canal acquaintance. I was urging her to marry V——, who has proposed for her, but she says she cannot bear the thought of being his or any man's wife. Poor girl, she once hoped to be mine."

"And did you give her reason to think she should?"

"Yes, I did."

"And do you not mean to realize the hopes you excited?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Do I mean to realize? You may be a good moralist, for aught I know; but you are not one to my mind. I *do not* mean to realize her hopes or her wishes. She was pleasing to me when I made her promises. She is no longer

so. She has contracted a fear of me, and it has destroyed all her agreeable qualities. So I wish never to see her again, and hope she may become reasonable, and be a good wife to V——, or to Robin Gray, or any other man. These are my principles."

"Your principles?"

"Yes, my principles. Why may not I have my principles as well as you, or any other moralist or fanatic that hopes to be saved? I suppose I can bear the consequences; and, at all events, I shall ask no man to take my place."

We walked along in silence, and after some time he resumed:—

"You think I have behaved cruelly, and that I ought to make what is called atonement: I tell you that I owe it elsewhere. Listen, for I am in the mood to speak of myself, and you will find how I have outdone this business. While you were in the country, I made an excursion one day from town; it was indeed with the expectation of meeting this poor girl, who was going with her friends on a party of pleasure. I had taken care to be on the grounds before her party, and was lurking about waiting for them, and keeping myself concealed among the trees. I don't know

how long my patience would have lasted, but it was not tried, for my thoughts were suddenly diverted by the sight of two young girls, one of them very beautiful and modest looking, and both of the lower order. I immediately went up and accosted them with some indifferent question, and after a little time entered into particular conversation with my poor victim. I allowed her to bring me home, and introduce me to her parents, as Mr. Maxwell of the Stamp office. I found a poor old couple, who used to work at a neighbouring factory, and who had no other child than—Susan they called her. They boasted of the care they took of her morals and education; how they would not let her go to the factory, but kept her constantly at school, and now they had the benefit of it. I told them, I hoped to make them amends for all their care: they were of course delighted. I was so modest and honourable, they could trust me if they loved her still better. Well, what will you have of it? I remained there a week. Every day I was left to entertain their dear Susan; at first she had a companion, then this precaution was dispensed with, and when I went away at the end of the week, I brought Susan with me."

"You did!"

"Yes."

"O heaven! and what has become of her?"

"Become of her!—what becomes of every one that trusts me?—and she was not sixteen years of age."

He seemed to live now a life of uninterrupted profligacy. If upon the most ordinary occasion he was asked his name or address, he gave a false one; and even kept about him cards printed with false names, containing directions to various hotels at opposite extremities of the town. After a short time, our intercourse was totally at an end. Ceremonious and distant visits, constrained and cold salutes, could not satisfy persons who had been once on terms such as ours, and we soon came to pass each other without any note of recognition, with a look of defiance always on his part, and on mine with a feeling of horror and pity. He neglected altogether his College duties; all his acquaintances had shrunk away from him, and his name and character were becoming notorious in town. He was anxious to leave the country for ever, and through the interest of a friend, whom he had formerly served, he procured an official employment in one of our colonies. This much I learned from general rumour, but I was to have fuller information, and that from un-

happy Lorton himself, who wrote me a letter, giving an account of the state in which his mind was, and had been, for some time before. It was dated from the harbour where he then was, and on the night before he sailed.

* * *

"You are, I have no doubt, somewhat surprised to find that I should still think myself privileged to address you. I have wronged you, you know. I have traduced you; this you have yet to learn: — but I have made reparation; not from anxiety about you, but that I would not give people I despised the satisfaction of imagining, that they might think meanly of one who had ever been my friend. You are so no longer! I know it: who could be my friend now? and yet the remembrance of our early intimacy has forced itself upon me in such a manner as to make the intervening time lose all its dreadful memorials, and I am tempted to reveal myself to you as I used in those vanished hours, when you listened to my regrets and resolutions with interest and affection. If I yield to such a feeling, it is at worst my last weakness: to-morrow I shall resume all the recklessness which my case requires; and if I may credit my physician's report, I shall,

in the course of a very few weeks, have no character to perform.

"Has it appeared strange to you that I never, in any stage of my profligate life, questioned or scoffed at the most minute article of religion? I could not do it: I had a witness of its power within me. Holy men speak of the witness of the Spirit, and declaim upon its peaceful and sanctifying character. This was not my witness; yet mine was no less constraining. The devils, you know, believe and —— no, I did not tremble, because I apprehended nothing worse than I experienced; but still mine was the faith of the devils, for I believed and I despaired! Can you bring to your recollection a night when we were assembled round the fire in my rooms, and speaking on the subject of the gospel parables; and when you turned the conversation from truths more obviously intelligible, to that mysterious account of the devil who goeth through dry places seeking rest, and finding none. You spoke of the condition of a rebel spirit, condemned for ever to wander through the wilderness, seeking rest in vain. You described him, rushing with eager delight upon every green and refreshing spot, and finding that, in the instant his unblest wings have sha-

dowed it, it has become an abomination. This was the manner in which you spoke, but I made a more terrible application of your words, and of the subject. I thought of the innocent hearts over which my shadow had passed, and of the loathing with which I used to turn away from the desolation I had caused. I thought of the restless spirit within me, continually driving me out to seek new objects. I thought of this spirit charmed into something like enjoyment, while plotting and devising schemes of ruin; and then shrinking away disgusted and cursed when the ruin was completed. I thought that there was, as it were, a flame raging within me which I sought to appease, and found that I had only blasted the objects I approached, and converted them into mournful resemblances of myself: and, as these thoughts impressed themselves more and more strongly upon me, I imagined that I was, not figuratively, but in letter and in truth, that evil spirit which goes about seeking rest and not finding it. Judge what my life must have been, and what it is, but do not imagine that fear is among my afflictions. No! In five weeks at most, I shall be in the world of spirits; but my world shall be there, what it is here, memory: there needs no greater torture to

satisfy any justice. I neither wish nor fear to die, because death cannot alter me. Do you remember how ardently I used to long for a life at sea, and how eagerly I would have embraced once the opportunity of making a long sea voyage. Is it not strange that my first voyage should be one in which I am going to death? The ocean is spreading before me; — the ocean, over which all my romantic fancies used to expatiate. Its expression is altered now; there is neither moon nor star, but I can see its waters moving quietly, and hear the waves as they advance with a low, regulated sound. The sound is to me as of a voice which claims me, and the quiet heaving of the water seems as if it had life and sense, and was tranquilly expecting the day when it is to receive a new inhabitant.

" No more of this fooling; I would sustain it longer if I could, but memory will not be defrauded. You cannot conceive the agony with which at this moment, the wrongs of one I have most injured force themselves upon me. Poor betrayed Susan! the remembrance of my treachery to you is an unimaginable misery. Will you seek her out? will you try to see her parents? I enclose money; administer it, if it can give relief. Bring her back

to them if it be possible. Tell her, if she knew my wretchedness, she would forgive me. Tell her I never loved but her; and tell her that I have no misery here, and that I dread no agony in the world to which I am hastening, worse than the remembrance of her wrongs.—I cannot continue.

"Farewell,

"LORTON."

This letter was accompanied with some details written on the envelope, by means of which I should discover the unhappy girl. As to poor Lorton, his apprehensions were well founded, and he died before he reached the end of his voyage.

WALLER.

I DO not know whether it is a peculiarity in my nature, that, in certain cases, when I meditate on departed friends, my thoughts do not revert to the circumstances in which I can remember them, but rather are carried onward, as if toward their present condition. I do not mean to say that my imagination bodies forth some form of light and glory, with shining robes and wings of immortal youth; but what is much more extraordinary, I seem to myself to have an idea or conviction of *existence* (how borne in upon my soul I know not) distinct from all the attributes by which it makes itself known through the senses. At this moment, I have my

mind, whether thinking or feeling I cannot say, but in whatever state it is, conscious, I might almost assert, of the presence of Waller. I am not thinking of any scene in which, before he left this earth, he was conspicuous: I am not imagining that region of blessedness into which he has entered; and yet, without any definite image or remembrance, I find a thought or a feeling of him predominant in my soul. I have occasionally, for an instant, bright but only half revealed glimpses of a heavenly countenance glancing upon me, and then gradually fading, or suddenly withdrawn; but the impression upon the *soul* is steady, and seemingly quite independent of either memory or imagination. I do not know whether it is intended in the book of Job, (in that sublime account of the state of mind in which Eliphaz represents himself conscious of the presence of a spirit,) to give us an intimation of some power distinct from the senses, by which external objects are made apprehensible by the soul. "It stood still," he says, "but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before me." My accompanying sensations are far different, but certainly I have a distinct and constraining conviction of the existence of my departed

friend Waller, although my fancy does not array the conviction in any bodily shape, or direct it towards any local presence.

I shall not continue longer in this strain; it might belong more properly to an essay on abstract ideas, than to the recollection of a valued friend, I cannot say lost, although departed: neither my hopes nor my feelings will allow me to say that I have lost him.

It is not much more than a year since I met him for the last time, after three years' separation. We were placed at opposite extremities of the kingdom; and although we each of us made periodical visits to the metropolis, yet it so happened that mine were always unhappily timed, and that I generally arrived only to hear all our common friends speaking warmly of Waller, who had been with them for some time, and to learn he was gone. Latterly, reports were beginning to circulate that his health was declining. It was said, that he neglected himself too much, and he was visited with affectionate upbraidings and expostulations, about the duty which was laid upon him to take care of the talents of which he was likely to make so good an use. At last, he was compelled to give way before

the pressure of disease, and to withdraw himself from the important labours of a calling which will not accept a divided homage. Poor Waller gave it his life. When I met him, it was on the occasion of his coming up to town for medical advice: we met but for a moment; it was in the law courts, where we had each of us been drawn by a report that Mr. Plunket was to speak on an important cause. Our meeting was quite accidental, and was accompanied by little more than a warm salute, and a few brief and mutual enquiries; but it was to me particularly interesting.

We had, I said, been separated at a wide interval in space, and had not maintained any correspondence; but we were engaged in the same cause, and this was a cause best calculated to conquer the oblivious power of absence. We have often heard of lovers who felt a solace in an agreement to look at the moon at the same hour; but how little is any such medium of contact (as I suppose Mesner might say) to be compared with the influence of labouring in the same great and everlasting cause? There was a time, at which I thought that religion was destructive of all individual affection; but I have learned to think other-

wise. The truest feelings of private friendship are perfectly compatible with the most devoted zeal for the service of God; and are so far from being lost or confounded amidst the more important duties, that their character is purified and ennobled by the piety which they do not disturb but embellish. There is, therefore, something of a more exalted human feeling, mingling with the finer and grander sentiments of religion; *giving* friendship a more noble character, and, I might almost say, communicating to religion a dearer interest, in the consciousness of being engaged in the service of the Master to whom your friend has with all singleness of heart devoted himself. I have always felt deep interest in a passage to be found in Miss Holford's poem of "Wallace." She may not perhaps have written a good poem, but I like her notions of the heroic character. The passage I allude to is that where Wallace, having seen his fellow-soldiers fallen around him, imagines that he hears at the remote wing of the battle the war-cry of his dearest friend; and the proud enthusiasm into which he is elevated by the prospect of another hope for Scotland, is softened and made beautiful amidst the horrors of the fight, by the sweet gleam of affection which breaks through all his sternness, in the apostrophe to his "gallant Græme:"

Hark! 'tis Græme's well known battle cry,
And yet methinks I can descry
His banner in the west.
Oh, gallant Græme ——.

If I should make any application of this passage to myself, or my feelings about Waller, the reader would stare, or perhaps turn away disgusted, as if I were not entitled to speak so about persons unknown to fame and the world. Our feelings, however, will not always seem accurately proportioned to the causes which produce them: and mine would, perhaps, offend against all rule, if they were to be considered as excited by a meeting with a young man, an obscure country curate, whose name was not to be found in any newspaper or review. Now this was one of the principal reasons why I was so moved by his appearance. As soon as a man has become conspicuous to the eyes of the world at large, my interest in him is sensibly diminished. I have not the same comfort in his friendship. I remember having heard that an old gentleman, who sat down in a public room to regale himself on a roast duck, complained that "the noise about him was so great that he really *did not know what he was eating.*" I am sure that I should feel my enjoyment of a friend's society disturbed, in the same manner, by his having acquired a very

brilliant reputation — by his having, in fact, in any way, become a very noted public character. His society would thenceforth be like dining in public. I could scarcely detach myself from the thought that he belonged to the world. I should feel something like the uneasy sensation which I once experienced when I found, that in order to facilitate the progress of tourists through the county of Wicklow, there had been a coach-road carried on through one of its most beautiful and sequestered vallies.

I do not, for myself either, wish for great fame: come it will, and I must bear it when it arrives; it will shine upon the close of my life, and make my memory bright. This I cannot prevent, so I must submit myself to fate or necessity; but I can delay it, and therefore I will not let the world know how vast my abilities are, and what a great work I have just ready for the press. For a length of time I shall enjoy the little nibbles which we who haunt the brooks may be favoured with. I look upon fame to be a delightful mistress, but a very termagant as a wife. The first advances towards her favour are full of delight; but when she is completely won, there is but one triumphant sensation, and then follows jealousy

and alarm. I remember that once, in my early youth, I was, in the little circle which was my world, famous for a possession, which I shall not make mention of now. When first I learned the admiration I excited, I was troubled and astonished, and intoxicated with joy and triumph; but soon the pleasure was gone: I felt no longer any gratification in the admiration which I expected, and thought my due; while, if I did not obtain it, or if another outshone or equalled my lustre, I felt all the mortification of defeat. Well, — like a wise man, I relinquished such a disagreeable championship, where nothing new was to be gained, and where loss was always hazarded; and, warned in time, I declare now that I will not accept the uneasy glory of a high reputation. Therefore, as I do not love great fame for myself, and as it in some measure spoils my satisfaction in my friends, the excitement of feeling with which I met Waller was what the world would consider disproportionate to the occasion. It might, perhaps, serve to procure some indulgence for me, to have it known that he was likely to be acknowledged in the world as a man of genius; and that, on some occasions, when by accident, or by the contrivance of his friends, some careless effusions of his pen

had found their way into the public prints, they were eagerly seized upon, copied into almost all the periodical publications in the kingdom, and attributed to some veteran in the literary world. I shall mention but one instance of this kind; but it is one which will, I have no doubt, convince many a reader, that the Waller of my story was no ordinary person. He was the author of the "Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore." I am sure I need not apologize to my reader for giving the history of this spirited little composition.

He called, by appointment, one fine summer evening, on his friend Sydney, who shared in my chambers as (what was called in college technicals) my chum.

"Waller," said Sydney, "you must not go until I have read for you this account of Sir John Moore. It is quite worthy of Southey, who is, I am persuaded, the author."

Sydney was not a man to have his imperatives disputed; and Waller, although eager for his walk, sat down patiently to hear the account of Sir John Moore's burial, as given in the Annual Register. He kindled into high enthusiasm as he listened; and, during the time of our walk into the country, scarcely spoke. When we returned,

while I, as the "minister sedulus," was preparing coffee, Waller and Sydney were conferring together, and hearing the latter passing a very eloquent encomium on something that Waller had done, I enquired what it was, and found that he had just finished two verses of the lines on Sir John Moore — those which appear in the printed copies, the first and last. I joined in the praises of them with great warmth, but Sydney's praise was accounted valuable by his friends; and whether Waller felt it an encouragement, or that the subject continued to act upon him and to sustain his enthusiasm, on the next morning, at breakfast, he produced the entire poem as it is now printed. Its publication was quite accidental. It never was Waller's intention that it should appear in print; but a friend of his, who had been favoured by Sydney with a copy, read it for (I think) Mr. Stewart, author of "The History of Armagh," and, at that time, proprietor of the "Newry Telegraph." He succeeded in obtaining permission to insert it, and, to Waller's great astonishment, we saw paper after paper, through the succeeding months, taking up the poem, and each ascribing it to some writer of acknowledged celebrity.

This was the friend whom I was so much moved at meeting. He was evidently sadly altered in appearance; and although, for a moment, there was a bright flush over his countenance, and his eye sparkled with more than its wonted lustre, yet, short as our greeting was, I saw these happy omens fade away; and I shortly after left Dublin with a heavy presentiment upon my mind that I should not see him again. How differently I retired to my chambers from the company where I had first met him! That was a proud evening. It was at a supper given to celebrate his first very distinguished triumph in his college career.

He had early acquired a very high reputation: for the first two years of his residence in college, he had devoted himself to classical studies, which seemed more congenial to his fine taste and sparkling fancy; and during this time he had carried off all the prizes, and was admitted to be, by eminence, the most distinguished man of his day. In the third year, when languages are no longer objects of exclusive interest, he found that his inferiority in the sciences precluded him from his accustomed distinction. As usual, his friends used to rush eagerly up to the hall when the bell an-

nounced that the examination had ended, and the multitudes issued forth at the opened doors; but not as usual did Waller receive their congratulations, and he had, examination after examination, to read in the countenances around him an expression of disappointment. This was not to be endured. However distasteful to him the sciences were, it was more disagreeable to be defeated and to see his friends mortified. The division in which he happened to be was that in which the best science scholar in the undergraduate course had, for nearly three years, maintained an undisputed ascendency. Waller might, if he pleased, have had himself transferred into a division where he would have had a fairer prospect of success; but this would not satisfy his ambition. It demanded a more noble triumph. He accordingly held his place in his class, and devoted himself only the more earnestly to what might almost be termed a new study. During the entire interval between the examinations he kept his noble faculties concentrated, and in intense action, upon what had been a most distasteful pursuit, and felt himself, when the time of trial drew near, possessed of knowledge and power which he had, in the beginning, but faint hopes of attaining.

During the examination, (which is continued at intervals for two days,) the interest and speculation respecting the result it is almost impossible to describe. At these trials of academic proficiency, no persons are permitted to be present except the examined and their examiners. After the first morning, it was noised abroad that Waller had answered with great ability, and had solved some difficult problems; and it was observed, that Crampton, his great adversary, did not pass across the courts to his room with his accustomed supercilious composure: the report at the close of the day was, that Waller had maintained, and, indeed, increased the character he had made in the morning; and some said, that he had gained a decided advantage over Crampton. The next day passed in the same manner, the interest becoming more general through the college; and if a stranger, during the last hours of the examination, were to pass through the courts, he would have had his attention strongly arrested by the faces of the different groups scattered in various directions about, and by the restlessness with which single stragglers were in motion; now at the closed door of the hall, now looking up to the college clock, and seeing that there were still five minutes to pass; and he would

have felt certain, that something of much more than ordinary interest was in agitation. At last the small bell tingled, and the doors were thrown open. It is little to say, that the wave from within was met by a more precipitous rush from all the parts of the court without, to know the result; and although there were, perhaps, thirty premiums adjudged, yet the whole interest of the enquiries seem to be centered in the fate of one; and, for a moment, the faces of friends and brothers were unnoticed, in the eagerness to explore, amidst the moving mass, the face of Crampton and his opponent Waller. The first who came out was Crampton. His features seemed sunk and pale, and there was a bewildered air over his countenance, as if he was incapable of comprehending whether all around him was real. This was soon understood, when Waller was distinguished, with a suppressed enthusiasm breaking out in every feature and every expression of his countenance, and his friends now needed not to be told, that he had been successful; and yet, amidst all their joy and exultation, the appearance of Crampton crossing the courts with a hurried and disordered air, and without taking notice of the few friends who accompanied him, had the

power effectually to check any disposition which they might have felt of making a public demonstration of their triumph.

It was on the evening of this day that I met him for the first time; I cannot but call it a proud evening for him. Every person in company, except myself, was a tried and loved friend, and he knew how truly I esteemed his character; there was not, therefore, an individual present, whom he did not know to rejoice in his triumph: and I cannot conceive what can be called a proud moment, if that be not one, in which a man feels himself surrounded by a group, in whose countenances he can trace a sympathy with his own rejoicing; and where he knows, that, in every heart, however elevated, and however full of frolic and glee, there is, under all its varied emotions, a feeling of delight at his triumph, which ardent and exhilarated spirits cannot and will not chase away.

As the night advanced, and as various guests one by one passed away, the conversation began to grow more serious and more interesting. Every one knows how much more full and unrestrained the communion of hearts becomes, according as the social circle narrows. We spoke now no longer on general topics; I say *we*, because, with the warmth

of our age, and under the enthusiasm of such a time, our friendship had cemented. We spoke of the day's triumph; we made Waller recount the various emotions and alarms which he had experienced; we heard of questions such as struck him for the moment with dismay, and of the animation with which his whole faculties had concentrated themselves, as if into one powerful impulse, and borne him through the difficulty suddenly. These would be details in which the unconcerned reader could feel no interest, so I shall not give them. From speaking of the event of the day, we were drawn on to speak of the future; and it became a general wish, that he would devote himself to the study in which he had made so happy a commencement, and give himself up to the labour of fellowship reading. There were many reasons why his friends urged this upon him. He was of a very religious character, and would be an ornament to the clerical profession: and then, for other professions he seemed little qualified, from his uncommon simplicity of mind and ignorance of the world. He was certainly very agreeable in manner, and possessed of a very high intellect; but he never employed his mental powers in judging of men: and, although he could ana-

lize with equal beauty and precision the characters which history set before him, yet he seemed to lay all this power of judging aside when it was to be employed in the affairs of daily life, and was always likely, from his candour and his unsuspecting temper, to be deceived by the least artful imposture. A fellowship, therefore, it was decided, was the object towards which Waller should look, and a fellowship in the yielding kindness of his heart, through compliance with his friends' entreaties, he determined to seek.

Many a female voice was raised against this decision when it was communicated to his friends in town, for Waller was a very general favourite in female circles. Though his person was rather awkward and heavily formed, yet there was something in his look and air, which said he was a gentleman; and in his countenance there was such an expression of purity, and intelligence, and enthusiasm, that you never took into account against him the smallness of his eyes, and that the shape of his face was heavy. It was the triumph of mind over matter, and his constant cheerfulness of temper, and easily excitable spirits, did for his features, what they did for every subject he spoke upon,—diffusing their own character

and their own light over what might otherwise remain unnoticed or uninteresting.

"Is it true," said a very pretty girl, "that Mr. Waller has decided on reading for a fellowship.—Mamma said last night that he had, and that he told her so.—I am sure there are men enough to be fellows, and now I suppose he will never come out to a party any more; and if ever we see him, he will be so solemn and so dull, that it would be better to be one of his books than his partner."

However, Waller did not in the least alter in manner or disposition. During the day he was faithfully employed in his arduous labours; but the moment night came on, his happy spirits rallied about him, and he was to be seen the most joyous and enlivening member of every circle which was happy enough to have a claim upon him.

It was not ordered that this life should continue long. He had been absent on a visit with a college friend, and when he returned, we observed a considerable alteration in his manner. He was restless and elevated: he did not settle himself as he used to his books; and some closer observers than I was, said that they had seen him frequently throwing himself back in his chair, and covering his eyes, as if (they said) he wished to make some

fair vision rise more vividly before him. He had acquired a most bewildered character of countenance. External objects seemed to reach him as through a dream; as if some inward action, some intense consciousness of internal sensations had seized and shaped into accordance with their own character every external impression. Still I had no apprehensions that his affections were engaged. Highly as I valued and admired him, I did not think of him as of one who was capable of an undivided affection. He had that ever-ready enthusiasm of manner which seems so capricious, and which trifles can so easily excite. It gave sober minds the idea, that he was deficient in the real enthusiasm which keeps its fire within, which cannot communicate with inferior minds; — that enthusiasm which is so distinct from merely animal excitement, and which seldom gives any prominence to the manner. Waller's qualities seemed to be all, if I may use such an expression, in a gaseous state; they required the operation of some principle, in which his nature appeared to be deficient, in order to their being concentrated into a fixed and efficient form. His mind was full of effervescence; but (if I may use the privilege of my country) I would say that it wanted body. In con-

sequence, it happened that he was, in his flights of enthusiasm, frequently alone; and it sometimes occasions an awkward embarrassment, to feel that you have been betrayed into an exaggerated manner, and have not been able to communicate your excited feelings to any individual in the quiet circle around you. The story of the French lady is well known; who, having praised an actress as possessing genius superior to what had been witnessed at any former period of the world, and finding that she could not kindle a spark of enthusiasm in the cold bosoms of her hearers, thought it most expedient to abate her own ardour; and, lowering herself to concert pitch, actually demanded whether they would not at least allow that the poor wretch acted as well as she could? Something like this took place, at times, in Waller's manner. A passage or a character appeared to him, for a moment, exquisite or noble, but, as soon as his enthusiasm had evaporated, the object of admiration was shorn of its beams, and he wondered how he could have been so excited. Still, experience had not schooled him into sobriety or steadiness of manner, and, in consequence, his interest was considerably lessened in the judgment of those who can distinguish between enthusiasm and ex-

citement. Characters of this kind are such as possess the graces of youth, but put forth little promise of dignity for mature age. With such notions of Waller, I had no fears that he could ever feel an attachment powerful enough to influence his life.

His character, however, was to experience a total change, from the admission of a new principle into his nature. It was certain that he loved, and loved unhappily. It is not in my power to state the progress of his passion, and the incidents which might serve as epochs, from the first pensive restlessness, in which, like Britomart, after having seen Artegal in the magical mirror,

"He wist he was not well at ease, perdy;
"Yet thought it was not love, but some melancholy,"

up to the hour, when the consciousness came upon him of his love and its hopelessness. This was a subject upon which he never spoke; and his friends respected him too highly to put him to that torture which is often so needlessly inflicted, or to indulge any inquisitiveness on a subject to which he never alluded.

His character, I intimated, was changed; and, were it not for his obvious unhappiness, the change

was an improvement. No one could now complain of his ardent and exuberant spirits, nor yet accuse him of being absent or abstracted. He paid a polite attention to every thing that was passing in company; not a seeming, but a real attention, as long as he could keep down the strong sensations of his heart. I have seen him sometimes, apparently overcome, cover his eyes with his hand, and seemingly give a loose to his inward feelings; and then, when he roused himself to resume his place in company, I could see that the expression of his countenance was, as it were, a a struggle between tenderness and severity, as if he had felt a tear rising to his eye, and had frowned it away indignantly. It was, of course, when alone, that the power of his affection most overmastered him, and then the influence of abstract studies was but a poor auxiliary against the impetuosity of a domineering passion.

The reader will be able to form an opinion of the state in which he passed his private hours from a circumstance which occurred, one evening, in a company where I was present. I had been sitting with some friends on a winter night, after our several studies for the day were over, when we were joined by a visitor whose character

would well deserve a longer notice than I can here afford to give of it. He was very much addicted to mathematical pursuits, and had attained a high proficiency in them, but upon most other subjects was but very slightly informed. Indeed he had an inward contempt for all other studies than those in which he himself excelled, and, more particularly, for all connected with taste and imagination.

"What have we here?" said he, looking at the open book upon the table. "Wordsworth's Excursion. This is the man that babbles about green fields. Well, gentlemen, don't let me interrupt your agreeable conversation. Don't, I beg of you, speak sense in compliment to me. I have got some papers of Waller's to look over, and so you may speak poetry while I am examining them."

We resumed our conversation, and he proceeded to the examination of the papers. Some indistinct murmurs drew our attention towards him, and we saw an expression of sarcastic triumph in his countenance. After remaining for some time silent, and apparently enjoying the discovery he had made, he said, "Gentlemen, some of you who are better acquainted with this kind of language than I am, may be able to explain an expression I have

met with here, and which I do not think strictly algebraic." He showed us the paper: it was intended for a calculation of a comet's parhelion distance; but the calculation had been interrupted by some thought which Waller had not been able to suppress, and he had given it expression.

"That smile I'll remember for ever."

It was in this manner that his passion displayed itself in pursuits so seemingly uncongenial. In one place we found a most ingenious and beautiful solution of a very difficult problem. Even our sarcastic visitor muttered his applause; and just under the calculation there was written; "Oh grief, grief!" It was a painful thing to witness the proofs which these papers afforded of the anguish to which poor Waller's mind had become a prey; and to see that his virtuous struggles to disengage himself from the remembrances which were consuming him, were of so little avail. His studies had become more desultory; and his memory was no longer tenacious; and when the examination for the adjudgment of fellowships drew near, he found that he could not, with credit to himself, appear as a candidate. Some time after this I met him on his return from the law-courts. He spoke of some

of our old acquaintances, whom he had seen engaged in the labours, or, at least, endeavouring to advance themselves in the knowledge of their profession; and he felt as if he had remained stationary, during the general progress of all his contemporaries. He spoke as if he could not continue to devote himself to his present studies; that he must have imperious and active duties to perform: and that it was only by active employment in such duties, he could hope to atone for his past idleness, and to compensate his friends for the disappointment he had caused them.

He certainly did arouse himself nobly out of the lethargy in which he lay. I have heard people say, that he became religious; but they did not know him who said so. He had always, or at least long, *been* religious; and the change in his character now was, not that he for the first time felt the influence of religious hopes and principles, but that the nature of his sentiments was altered into an accommodation to his wants. Religion had before appeared amiable in the purity of his happier hours, and his charity, and his meekness; it now had to sustain him in suffering, and to elevate him above the power of afflicting remembrances, and it assumed the majestic bearing by which it could

overcome sorrow and the world. He had respected its restraints, and valued its promises, even while the sunny existence he enjoyed was most calculated to dazzle and mislead him: and now, in the time of affliction, it seemed to reveal new glories, and to offer new encouragements; and Waller felt the change, and his manner assumed a gentle authority which was unobtrusive but prevailing; and the melancholy, which had now become predominant in his character, was freed from every thing humiliating or painful. I could say much of his labours in the profession to which he devoted himself, and of the admiration which courted him, and of the brilliant expectations he excited in the minds of his admiring friends: but it is not fitting to advert to considerations like these. My thoughts instinctively follow to the region into which his spirit has passed. He is there with purified affections, and with disencumbered faculties, and has become a new link between my thoughts and the world to which they properly belong. I frequently reflect upon the days of my early youth, and on the friends who have departed; but it is not for the purpose of introducing into my soul a feeling of dreariness or dejection; not for the purposes of feeling, like the solitary lingerer in a ban-

quet-hall deserted; but that I may be influenced by the stories of their lives and of their deaths, and that I may strengthen myself against the world and its temptations and its sorrows, by the consciousness, that the affections which gave it its highest interest, are, many of them, now transferred to another life.

AN IDLER.

When Ormsby entered college, his friends were full of proud hopes that he would arrive rapidly at distinction. At school, he had maintained a high character, and appeared to be a person of a very reflecting mind; and it was expected that when introduced into a new and enlarged sphere, he would display acquirements, such as are rarely found in the character at his time of life. He had not been addicted to any boyish sports, not through the indolence of his nature, for when engaged in school-boy frolics, he was as animated and as devoted to the interest of the hour, as the most thoughtless of his companions; but these sports were not suited to the atmosphere in which his mind seemed most naturally to repose or to ex-

patiate. Even so early, he was thoughtful and visionary; not visionary as poets are, although, perhaps, there was a poetical tinge over all his thoughts, which might have changed them into its own bright nature, if circumstances had favoured the transformation. It is certain, however, that he did not become a poet, and that the studies to which he was most attached were what to common minds seem remote from the region of poetry; but he possessed that melancholy of character in which, as in a congenial climate, the poetical faculties grow; and, although the powers which he delighted to exercise were rather those which investigate than those which combine, still, the influence of his character appeared to diffuse over those graver pursuits something of a poetical charm. He loved to examine and analyse the deep and shadowy affections of his soul. He noted new emotions as they arose within him: he could tell, in after life, when his romance seemed first to awaken, and when he first felt, upon the departure of a friend, a strong emotion, and something like a void in his mind. In short, it seemed as if the external world to which, in general, the opening faculties are most directed, had but little influence over him, and could not

draw him off from investigating the phenomena of the world which he felt within him.

His school-fellows, however, knew nothing of the subjects to which Ormsby's attention was devoted. They acknowledged his abilities and attainments in the school course; they saw that he employed but little pains to gain and to preserve a superiority among themselves; and when they found him studious and retired in his general habits, they naturally imagined that he was acquiring stores which were to be displayed when the business of college studies gave him an opportunity of earning higher distinction. The manner in which he indulged in his strange reveries strengthened this opinion. He did not wilfully and with premeditation devote himself to them; he usually took with him some weighty volume, upon which he intended to employ himself exclusively, but he never could read long before something which he read, or thought, suggested matter for speculation, and he soon lost all idea of the book or the study in which he had determined to engage himself. But when, frequently on some summer day, his school-fellows saw him, whenever they passed near, lying under his favorite tree, they had no idea that the study which

their tumults could not interrupt might be distracted by any thoughts in which play was not a prominent object.

However, certain it is, he passed through school with little legitimate knowledge, and acquired there very desultory habits; and his friends and he soon learned that such habits and such knowledge were not to be rewarded with college honours. I have made use of the word "friends," merely in the popular acceptation, as denoting that class of his acquaintances who were well-disposed towards him, and who would willingly join in his praises. In the precise sense of the word, Ormsby's friends were very few indeed; his character was not, perhaps, such as attaches ordinary minds; between him and most of his acquaintances there were few common subjects or common interests; and although, even in his school days, he was considered to be generally pleasing, yet he had not felt any thing like a strong affection in more than two instances out of all his school companions.

His boyish days passed away in continual mourning. Year after year was saddened by the death of some fond and loved friend or protector; and the frame of mind produced by those re-

peated afflictions more and more estranged him from communion with his happier companions. I believe grief has a powerful effect in causing a rapid development of the faculties; and certainly Ormsby had, in his manner and habits of thinking, anticipated the progress of several years, and the few intimacies he formed were with persons much more advanced in life than himself.

When he entered college he might almost be said to be alone. His natural connections had been most of them removed. His parents were dead; and of his relations, the one to whom he was most habituated to turn with reverence and love, he had very lately attended to the grave. Perhaps, under these circumstances, it was not to be expected that he should display energy enough to conquer his desultory habits, and acquire a college reputation. But it might be hoped that, as the influence of grief departed from him, he would begin to take an interest in the competition for honours, which might have a salutary effect on his character. So, perhaps, it would have been, but for one of those untoward circumstances that baffle all human calculation. He had recovered from the oppression of sorrow, and emerged from his remembrances into the world: he began to

look around him with a new interest upon passing objects, and to be sensible of the injury which he had suffered from the inactivity of the preceding months. His life had been the life of a solitary being, and he now began to feel the want of some friend, with whom he could communicate his thoughts and feelings. He had formed no acquaintances; for, to avoid all irksome duties or occupations, he had, instead of residing in college, taken lodgings in town; and generally spent his days in rambling about the most unfrequented parts of the sea-shore. He determined now on a total reformation; he would yield himself no longer to his remembrances; he would brace all his faculties into new vigor, and devote himself systematically to the studies which were to make his mind hardy, and his life prosperous. All this was well resolved. But the performance, how did that follow? For an entire week he devoted himself bravely to the task, and endeavoured to inure himself to difficulty; but a change of habits is in all cases very painful; and nothing could be less congenial to the character of Ormsby's straggling thoughts, than the abstract studies in which he laboured to engage them. He found that he attained truths, but the truths at-

tained he did not value. He had been so long habituated to indulge in speculations upon life and man and his own heart, and to indulge in those speculations without regulation or restraint, that his new and uninteresting discipline was most irksome to him. He felt, as savages feel under the restraint of new civilization; or, perhaps, as Ariel under the magician's sway. He used to say, afterwards, that the reason why the spirits of our departed friends did not visit us often, was in consequence of the difficulty they felt in providing themselves with a bodily vehicle. "You ought not to consider that occurrences of this kind are so rare," he would say; "think what a hardship it must be to a free spirit to accumulate particles of matter about it, and assimilate them to itself. I know I can judge very well of the difficulty, from what I felt in the fortnight when I was struggling to become a mathematician." This was the kind of thing he considered an argument. However, as I said, he was vigorously engaged in abstract studies for some short time; and, had he continued his exertions, he would have surmounted all his repugnancy to such studies, and brought out in his mind a faculty capable of feeling interest and delight in them. But he was soon interrupted, and

all his good resolutions were dissipated into thin air.

It was in the time of college vacation, and his very few friends or acquaintances had been for some time in the country. Every body knows how dreary it is to feel oneself in the midst of a large city without an acquaintance; and Ormsby felt it, perhaps, the more severely, in consequence of his recent grief. As you begin to recover from the effects of any heavy calamity, and to feel natural interests reviving in your heart, one of your first wishes is for the softness and freedom of friendly intercourse. Your mind requires aid and protection, and as you are renewing your connection with the world, you wish that the links which join you to it shall be the sympathies of friendship. It is at such a time peculiarly dreary to be surrounded by faces and forms of beings with whom you can have no understanding; to feel yourself enveloped, as it were, in a sphere of repulsion, through which all communion with your fellows is obstructed. Ormsby felt this, and sought refuge in his studies; but here he was unfortunate. Much has been said of the foppery of genius, and great men have been accused of absurdity, for asserting that there were seasons at which their faculties were

in a state of more than ordinary perfection; but no one, I am sure, who has had experience to direct him, will attribute absurdity to the position, that summer is peculiarly unsuited to the commencement of mathematical studies. There is a languor in the mind brought on by the summer heat, and by the low and monotonous sounds with which the air is filled; which disposes it to pensiveness, and fits it rather for dissolving into visions, than for disciplining itself to regulated toil. Ormsby felt it so: but still he persevered in his uninteresting employment; allowing himself no other relaxation than the indulgence of a solitary evening ramble into the country.

On his return from these walks, he had, for some time, observed, that flowers had been repeatedly placed at his window, but so much was he engrossed by the state of his mind, that he scarcely asked himself how they came there, and soon forgot altogether to think about them. One evening, however, his attention was more forcibly arrested, for, on sitting down to his labours, he found on the paper which was lying on his table, and on the middle of the sheet, a printed motto containing the words *Je vous aime.* "This," thought he, "is very extraordinary, how came it

here?" and he remained pondering for some time, and incapable of arriving at any explanation. However, he soon returned to his studies, and forgot the circumstance, until his walk on the following evening, when it again recurred to his mind, and a thousand strange and fanciful conjectures were suggested by it. Upon this evening he returned home with some anxiety about him, and an expectation such as had no definite object, but which he struggled against, as if it arose only for the purpose of exposing him to disappointment. The first thing which caught his eye upon entering his sitting-room was a rose, which seemed freshly gathered, lying on his paper; and, on drawing near, he saw that the motto which he had thrown aside on the former evening had been replaced, and on taking it up to examine more nearly, he saw that it had concealed from him, written in a small female hand, the words which it contained itself, *Je vous aime.*

How his heart beat! He was loved — he was loved by some fair and gentle being, who had broken the trammels of custom that she might send him a message of rejoicing. He was no longer alone, even in the dreariness of the crowded city: there was one heart — one soft bosom in

which there lived an interest in his welfare. But what was he to do? Was he to speak aloud?—to throw open his door, and send his voice through the house proclaiming his gratitude and devotion? Was he to call on the fair object of his enthusiasm to be present and to receive his homage? No; he must be careful to guard in silence the sweet secret with which he was enriched. Hours must drag themselves away, before the time can arrive at which his feelings may be known to her who had excited them. He sketched a few hurried lines to substitute in the place of the motto which he had taken up, changed them for others, and passed the greater part of the night in framing something which might serve to intimate the strange agitations which he experienced, and which were in a state of perpetual change, so that the billet of the past minute was foreign from the feelings of this. Frequently, while writing, he felt as if a form was bending over him—he could almost fancy that he heard the sound of soft breathing, and was sensible, as it were, of the kind of silent rustle with which the air is affected by such an influence; and he sometimes lifted his eyes, expecting that a sweet countenance would meet their glances; and actually felt disappoint-

ment when they rested only on the walls of his lonely chamber.

He experienced no such disappointment when his agitations at length had rocked him into slumber. His dreams were full of happiness. He was walking through the crowded streets, but not with the sad and lonely feelings to which he had been long accustomed; there was a fair being by his side, and leaning upon him, and every fond and brilliant emotion or sentiment arrayed itself in appropriate language. His feelings seemed all, as it were, expanding and unfolding in his heart, and a new and unhoped prosperity spread its light around many faded and dying faculties, and recalled them to life and animation. Every thing seemed joyous and kindly around him; and not a face passed which did not look affectionately upon him, and smile, as it were, a congratulation upon his happy fortune. At another time he was wandering through those sequestered walks, and by those unfrequented waters where he loved of late to indulge his melancholy musing; his melancholy had returned upon him, and he stood in a pensive mood above the smooth dark water. A beautiful shadow meets his eye, reflected in the quiet stream on which his tears had so often fallen, and,

as if he had just awakened from a horrid dream, he turns to fold to his bosom the fair creature who stands with such a sweet smile beside him. Night rises on his dreams, but not a night of darkness: bright clouds are hanging in the sky, and heavenly forms lean forward, and fair round arms are bent gracefully down, scattering through the air scrolls with shining star-studied inscriptions, and radiant boys have caught them as they fell, and borne them along in a thousand various directions; and all the skies, wherever the delighted eye was turned, were gloriously illuminated, and every where the inscription was sparkling *Je vous aime, Je vous aime;* and these were the words that seemed ringing upon his ear from the voice of one of those heavenly youths who came to summon him away to a splendid triumph, until the increasing loudness of the watchman's voice had transformed his nocturnal heaven, with its gorgeous illumination, into the cold reluctant light in which the early morn arrays herself. Nor even with the day would his visions depart: they proved too mighty for his studies; his mathematical diagrams became roses and true-love knots; and when he turned for refuge to his Greek, it seemed to recede before his ardent ima-

gination, as the waters shrunk from Kehamah. The page of Demosthenes seemed to discharge all its characters, and to be impressed with a new stamp; and sometimes there appeared a fair, wide space in the middle of the page, where the motto which haunted his imagination was vividly displayed, and the Greek characters had withdrawn on every side, and formed a kind of wild and mysterious frame-work to enclose the three magical words, *Je vous aime.* It is not my purpose to record a tale of love or romance. Ormsby was loved, but his fair mistress was unknown, nor would she yet be prevailed upon to reveal herself, although she continued to interchange thoughts and sentiments with him, through the medium of their strange correspondence, during which Ormsby deposited a billet on his table every day, and found, on returning from his evening excursion, a reply from his unknown *innamorata.* I shall not recount all the efforts he made, and the entreaties he urged in vain, that he might, only for one instant, be favoured with a glimpse of her for whom he felt such a blind devotion; how he complained of his uncertainty, lest he should be guilty of infidelity, by taking to his heart a false image. This I shall pass by: nor

shall I dwell on the fears which sometimes made him shudder, lest there might be some horrid reason for concealment; — age — or foul deformity.

Once a chilling suspicion crossed his mind. There lived in the house a female advanced in life, half-friend, half-menial to the owner of the mansion. She was about fifty years of age, short and clumsy, with a rugged aspect, and bearded like the pard. He thought, one evening, as she met him on the staircase, and handed him, in his servant's absence, a lighted candle, that the acerbity of her countenance seemed mitigated, and that she looked up at him with an expression of grotesque tenderness through her one loving and efficient eye (for the other was intended for ornament, and made of glass); and he hurried from her with a feeling made up of mockery and anger and disappointment. I have heard of a gentleman who was serenading a fair soft-hearted creature, whom he hoped to entice from her home by his melody, and his cloak, and his Spanish hat; but the scheme was interrupted by a very disagreeable intruder, who, just as the lady had condescended to appear at her opened window, and as the gentleman was softening his voice into a more touching expression of tenderness and love, to

give greater effect to the close, "Lilla, come down to me," rushed suddenly from a dark nook, unsolicited, unwished for, to make a third in the scene; and, without the least attention to the propriety of the drama, or the slightest attempt at preserving the harmony of the song, or the smallest consideration for the feelings of the fair Lilla at her window, or of her lover with his flapped hat and cloak and guitar, said, with the calm, unmoved, unmusical voice of his profession, "Sir, you must come with me!" and the gentleman knowing his occupation, and that resistance was vain, after a short address to himself, made up of oaths and laughter and exclamations, took an unceremonious leave of his dearest Lilla, and exchanged the open air and the starry firmament for a secure lodging up two pair of stairs, under the protection of the stern being who had shown such an unseasonable regard for his morals. With similar feelings Ormsby entered his chamber; but they did not continue long; when he regarded the delicacy of the handwriting of his fair unknown, and reflected on the sentiments she expressed, he at once rejected the odious suspicion, by which he felt as if he had dishonoured her.

The time, however slowly, at last arrived, when

all his doubts were to be for ever removed. He has received a billet promising a meeting on the following evening, when the young lady's mother (now for the first time mentioned) was to be from home. I pass over the agitations of that night, and the restless heaviness of the following day— I pass over the mingled feelings of alarm and expectation with which his heart beat at the strange manner in which, for the first time, he was to speak to, and hear from woman the language of affection. I may pass over the interview, too, it was so short and silent; both were young, and timidity and emotion for a moment obstructed their utterance. Ormsby had taken the lady's hand and bent one knee, as he had been instructed by the stage. She had turned away her face, and shaded it with her hand. Perhaps he might then have acquired the power of speech; but, just at that moment, a loud knocking at the door disturbed them, and the lady commanded him to fly as he valued her. He obeyed her command, and, without a word hastily retired to his own apartments, and, with a total change of feeling, sat down to reflect upon the circumstances in which he was now placed. With altered feelings it may well be said, for all his romantic enthusiasm had passed

away, and left his thoughts and feelings behind, colourless and uninteresting. Such a change as this what words can describe? It would be easy to speak of changes in external nature from which we might be able to frame some analogy. We could speak, what we have read, of the changed aspect of a fairy bower, when, upon the utterance of its secret protecting spell, the delusions have faded. We could speak of the power of harlequin's wand, when it suddenly silences the melody of the grove, and withers its opened flowers, and causes all the beauty of a sunny landscape to shrink away from the cold and desolate waste over which the eye, in the next instant, wanders wearily. I might say this and much more, but it could not illustrate the change which was instantaneously effected in Ormsby's mind, — a change such as left him in possession of his intellectual faculties and his animal affections, but seemed to have withdrawn from his nature, or to have rendered inoperative in it, some principle which, though it had no power to create a thought or an impression, yet had the power to diffuse over every sentiment and sensation a rich and romantic embellishment.

And how was this extraordinary change effected? Was it the result of age or deformity, or of any

indelicate forwardness? No; perhaps his imagination had not created a more beautiful image than he had seen realized in the form and face of the fair creature he had just quitted. She was sitting at the farthest extremity of the room when he entered, as if shrinking from the permission she had given, and wishing that she could recal it. Involuntarily, as it were, she arose, but immediately resumed her sitting posture with her eyes bent on the ground; and the marble paleness of her countenance, rendered more remarkable by her dark ringlets, and by her long black eyelashes, and the beauty of her features, and the gracefulness of her form, and of the fixed attitude in which she sat, would have made her seem some fair illusion, were it not that the constant and violent heaving of her bosom betrayed an inward agitation; and when he ventured to touch her hand, and attempted some words, which died on his tongue as they arose, such a glow flushed her cheek, so pure and so radiant; and she averted her face with such an air of shame and embarrassment; and when she turned to bid him depart, and for the first time he saw her eyes, there was, even in their fear, such an innocent expression, and their long silken fringes were so weighed down with bright large

tears, that it was not possible for him to conceive otherwise of her than as of one whose modesty equalled her affection. And yet this figure, so beautiful and so interesting, dissipated all Ormsby's romance. How this happened I cannot take upon me to say. I am not competent to enumerate all the various principles by which our nature is influenced, and to find out which of them may account for Ormsby's change. Perhaps he had so long cherished a false image in his imagination, that the reality, which had the power to dissipate his visions, could not call up others to replace them. Perhaps his imagination was of that class which derives a charm from the indistinctness of the details in every image it produces, and which, consequently, loses much of the interest to be derived from images submitted through the senses. Perhaps, in his raised and enthusiastic mind, his feelings towards the unknown object, were as if he loved something spiritual; — the thought of earth or humanity never intruded into his soul; — he loved an essence, a bright and spiritual emanation; and the aspect of mortality, however fair it seemed, had the power to disperse visions to which its appearance was uncongenial, and to dissipate the beautiful delusions through which his thoughts

were wandering. But however this be, whether it account for the fact or not, certain it is that Ormsby's enthusiasm had evaporated, and left him to more sober reflections.

It was some time before his thoughts could revert steadily to the object which one might have thought best calculated to fix them; and then he was sensible of the presence of feelings and sentiments less bright and visionary than those he had lately known, but by no means less influential. He did not love; but he was deeply sensible to the charm of an affection so generously bestowed upon him. The remembrance of the form he had seen rose before him so beautiful, so touching; — the expression of the countenance, so visionary, so unsuspecting. The voice seemed again in his ear; the voice so low and tremulous with emotion. He thought of the confidence which reposed on his truth and honour, of the affection which had chased away the dreariness of his dark days; and although his late emotions taught him that what he now felt was not love, that he was capable of a feeling much more impetuous and absorbing; yet still the tenderness he experienced had great power over him, and he mentally resolved, that no evil which it was possible for him to avert should

ever befall a creature so generous and affectionate. He gave a sigh to his faded visions, as if he mourned the departure of what he loved; and his life, he determined, should be devoted to her who loved him. This was the determination he came to. He would have thought differently, perhaps, in after life; but at this time he was but eighteen years of age; chivalrous, influenced by religious principles, and unacquainted with the world.

He soon obtained another interview, which was not interrupted as the former had been, and, after this, arranged what his future proceedings should be. He pledged himself to be always faithful and affectionate. I am, said he to himself, making a sacrifice: I am resigning all the hopes which sometimes fluttered in my heart, of loving fondly and entirely: but what is there in the world for me which I should prize so highly as this fair creature's generous affection? and what should I labour so zealously to promote as her happiness? He therefore bade adieu to all fanciful hopes, and decided that the romance of life was ended. Nothing could be less like the ardour of love than his feelings now were; but still the consciousness of the sacrifice he made, and the high resolution he had adopted, communicated to his manner a

character of melancholy and elevation, such as might well be considered to have its rise in a deep and tender emotion. He decided upon quitting his lodgings and going to reside in college, thinking it rashness to remain exposed to the hazards which must arise from frequent and solitary interviews with so much beauty and such confiding tenderness. Arrangements were accordingly made by which he could form an open acquaintance, such as would sanction his future visits; and this having been accomplished, he left his lodgings and became an inmate in the college.

On the evening before his departure, he had an interview with the lady, I may not say of his love, but of his devotedness; she seemed greatly alarmed at the prospect of his going. "It is not your absence," said she, "though you may perhaps never know how much I shall feel that you are no longer under the same roof with me; but this is a positive pain, and I know I can bear it without complaining. But what I cannot school myself to endure, is the apprehension which your going among new friends must be continually exciting. You are going where I am told woman's love is lightly prized; they will teach you to hold it as a toy, and you may think that love so lightly

won may be sported with and flung away. No, do not protest, dear Ormsby, I do not, cannot doubt your affection; but I could give worlds that mine was still silent in my own full heart, and that you were unconscious as you were when I used to watch for you from my window, and feel happy when I saw you come, and happy when I heard your door closed, and knew that until morning the same house contained us. How little I thought then that my affection would ever become what it is. No, Ormsby, do not interrupt me now; never again perhaps can I be able to speak to you fully of my love; and perhaps," said she, in a low, suppressed tone, "perhaps it may be of consequence to do so now. Endeavour to believe that my love was not light. Strengthen me against my own regrets, for having too lightly revealed it. At first it was not love I felt, but a deep interest about you. I saw you in your mourning dress; and your melancholy looks and your gentle voice, and your apparent insensibility to every thing around you, affected me strongly. Then, when, as you remained longer in the house, I found, or imagined, that you were without friends in this large city; I pitied you, and wished that I could have the privilege to be your friend. Often, very often, when I have been sur-

rounded by anxious and affectionate friends, I have ceased to feel their presence, and have imagined you to myself solitary and unknown; and have thought how delightful it would be to summon you into our happy circle, to arrange every thing in the manner most likely to draw you from your griefs, and to bring out all the charms and the virtues which, from the first, I was sure you possessed. At that time I had no intention to discover myself. We were to leave town in a short time, and I thought to pass away from you into darkness, without giving you the pain of ever knowing or pitying me; but when the time of our departure drew near, I could not keep my resolution, and gave way to all the madness of my feelings when only two days remained. I appointed to meet you. We were to have left town on the following morning, but my mother changed her intentions; and it was her unexpected return to communicate her decision which alarmed me so at our first meeting. Here is the progress of my imprudent love. Had you been happy, no earthly power should have made me disclose it. It was your apparent grief to which I yielded up all my maidenly reserve. I did not think myself suing for your regard so much as expressing sympathy

for your sorrow. Think of this, dear Ormsby, if ever the thought should visit your mind that I have loved too fondly: and now," said she, wiping away her tears, and smiling through them as they started, "I have furnished you with the means of correcting my pride; if ever I should dare to grow haughty, you have only to remind me of the humble intreaty I have now made, and I shall bid farewell to all my greatness."

All this was spoken with various interruptions, and frequent expostulations from Ormsby, not to give way to any such groundless apprehensions. He solemnly assured her of his truth and constancy; and succeeded in reassuring her and giving her better hopes: and when he took his leave for the night, she smiled at herself for the heroics which she said she had been acting, and promised him to be less foolish in future. When parting on the following day from Julia and Mrs. F——, her mother, he was, as he expected to be, invited to make them frequent visits at a house which they had recently taken in another part of the town.

Soon after the commencement of his residence in college, he became a member of our society, and we found him a valuable acquisition. He had

such an agreeable talent for trifling; such a mixture of reflection and sportiveness in his manner and conversation, that he kept the attention constantly up, and always rewarded it. Sometimes he gave you the notion that he talked on foolishly because he did not conceive the company worthy of a serious conversation; but then there was such an air of frankness and suavity about him; and he was at times so ready to follow any discussion that we started, and he interspersed his trifling with such valuable maxims and such appropriate quotations, and anecdotes so amusing and so oddly introduced, that we soon lost all unpleasant ideas respecting him, and were satisfied to take the good things he had provided us, without questioning the principle upon which he bestowed them. His character, however, seemed naturally serious and almost pensive, and, even in his most sportive moments, some thought would occasionally break forth, which showed his experimental acquaintance with affliction. I dare say, it has been anticipated, that he was not to be found among the studious; his efforts had been all counteracted, and he had not resolution enough to recommence them. Before every examination, indeed, he devoted one or two days immediately preceding, to

the purpose of acquiring some slight knowledge; and during these days he laboured incessantly, and succeeded in surprising his class-fellows, and frequently extorted a barren compliment from the examiner; but always had the mortification or the felicity to find that Sparta had many worthier sons, and that idleness ought not to court her honours. It was late in his college course before he could aspire to them successfully.

AN IDLER.

(CONTINUED.)

Ormsby now led an idle agreeable life enough; he was loved and valued by the few who knew him in the university, and he was admired by his female acquaintances in town. He was, however, regarded in college as a man of little promise; and if he were to estimate the future which was reserved for him, by the vain and poignant regrets he experienced at each examination, his anticipations would be of no enviable nature. And yet, during all this time, he continued to cherish ambitious aspirings; he looked forward to great celebrity in the world, and had framed the wisest and most benevolent schemes for the governance of his public life; but never employed himself about the means of attaining public station. It is much easier to dream about prosperity than to toil for it, and he chose the easier part. I have

heard him compared to a man tossed about in a little boat at sea, and instead of bending all his energies to the task of reaching land, delighting himself with fancies of the happiness he should enjoy, and the good things he would do when he arrived there. May I here remark the distinction which has been observed between the conduct of our Lord and that of blind enthusiasts? these last dwelling with so much particularity upon the various felicities of the heaven they promise, while our Lord is particular in describing the duties by which we are to be prepared, but general in his account of the heaven which he has procured for us.

Ormsby was as the enthusiasts; and while he dreamed of renown and public success, he saw every examination bring discomfiture with it; and found that, as time passed away, it left behind no honourable records to grace his character. It is true, that in the historical society, of which he had become a member, he was generally admired. He was looked upon as a person of strong reasoning power and bold imagination; but he was known to be idle; and in the society, as well as in the college, at this time idleness was a sin against hope, and unpardonable. Of this sin he bore, and

deserved, the imputation; and, with the exception of a few days at the recurrence of each examination, during which he paid the penalty of idleness in the mortification he endured, he lived on seemingly a kind of butterfly-existence. But still he was constantly employed in acquiring portions of knowledge, which, although as being only broken and dislocated fragments, they were little valued in the schools, were nevertheless of great service to a mind like his, which had now acquired considerable power in combining and arranging ideas. He had done nothing *in* science, a college tutor observed, but he could do much *with* science, even with the little, the very little of which he had a knowledge; and I have often seen scientific men surprised at the happy illustrations he borrowed from their favourite studies, and the skill with which he arranged his arguments according to the best formularies of the certain sciences. He was like the Irishman who, being asked how he called a particular tree which was pointed out to him, said, that in his country they never called them, but cut one down when they wanted it. Ormsby never knew the extent of his stores, until the exigences of the moment discovered them to him. He never learned a book as the author wrote it:

he comprehended rapidly, and suffered the thoughts to arrange themselves according to their nature, and according as they might happen to combine themselves with any systems previously forming in his mind; and as they would disengage only to unite with something of more powerful attraction, the extent of his acquirements was but little known. His thoughts were like those genii which start into light and existence only at their proper spell: they would not exhibit themselves, like liveried servants, to swell the master's pomp, but they would come forth, like true friends, the moment any necessity required their particular interference. He used to say of himself, that his thoughts started to meet each other, and sprang up to unite with any new idea introduced into his mind, according to the law of chemical affinities; and that volition was necessary rather to prevent combinations than to form them. You might sometimes see him in company appearing, not, indeed, absent, but indifferent and uninterested; allowing others to usurp the conversation, and seemingly well contented to be spared all fatigue; but if, at any pause, he happened to make a remark, about which he *thought* as he made it, no matter how indifferent the subject was, that moment it

became interesting to him; and you might see him increasing in animation, and gracing the subject with such unexpected allusions, and indicating such remote connections, and throwing out such profusion of imagery — now leaving a thought half-formed, to arrest some new one which was rushing rapidly by him, and again, perhaps, led back to that which he had left incomplete, by some new necessity in his subject, that the changes of the kaleidoscope were not more extraordinary, nor more various, than those which any subject received that was shown you through Ormsby's mind. But still, however he shone occasionally in his own circle, his college pursuits were altogether neglected, and his prospects of respectability in life proportionably dim.

I believe his attentions to Julia had been very much encouraged at the commencement. Her mother saw that he was a young man of promise, and calculated on his having the means of offering to her daughter a suitable establishment; she, therefore, allowed, or rather encouraged, an intercourse in which she saw no danger, and from which she hoped much advantage. It never entered into her thoughts that her daughter's peace might be affected. She made her calculations that Ormsby's

affections were to be engaged, and that she might afterwards act as circumstances should direct: but about her daughter she felt no anxiety or alarm; she had trained her up in implicit obedience, and she had no idea that her affections could move in any other manner than as it might please her to command them. Some years had now gone by, and Ormsby's name had not been established as she at first imagined it would have been. She knew of many who had outstripped him in his college career, and she was informed that he had attached to himself the character of an idle man. It was time, she thought, to give up all idea of uniting her daughter to him and his doubtful fortunes; and she did not feel much delicacy about the manner in which all intercourse with him was to be broken off.

"Julia," said she, one evening as she was sitting at her fire-side and her daughter working at the table near her, "Julia," said she, "I wonder you can be losing your time with that empty, foolish Ormsby; all last night you were speaking with him the whole time he was here, and Mr. Hartop, of Hartop Place, a man of a thousand a year, and his own master, wishing to converse with you."

"Ma'am?" said poor Julia, who laid down her work in utter astonishment at the disrespectful terms in which, for the first time, she had heard Ormsby named, and was scarcely able to collect her faculties so as to believe she had heard right.

"Ma'am?" said her mother, mimicking her, "did you hear me child; I tell you I will have no more such doings. Mr. Hartop is not a match to be had every day? a man who does not owe a shilling, and who has such a fine estate, and such a handsome place; and *he* must sit silent in the window, while every prating coxcomb is to be entertaining young madam; but I know what I am to do, and I tell you, young lady, that if you do not alter your manners, and, instead of idling away your time, pay proper attention to respectable men, and such as have an establishment to offer, I shall attend to my duty, and free my house from such unprofitable visitors as those that I see you taken up with; and, child, if you wish to spare me a task that I can perform if it be necessary, let me see your mind altered. No down looks, but go to your room, and mind what I have been saying."

Poor Julia retired, and sat down in her chamber, petrified with astonishment and terror. She

had so long heard Ormsby spoken of only to be admired, that she could hardly credit her senses. She had never before entertained a doubt but that her mother looked upon him in the most favourable light; and, although no conversation had taken place in direct reference to future arrangements, yet her mother had thrown out such frequent hints of how much she valued "dear Ormsby," and what hopes she entertained of his future advancement, and of the happiness which he would be likely to confer on the woman he should choose for a wife, that Julia (if ever she thought on such a subject) entertained no fears, either of Ormsby's future success and independance, or of her mother's full concurrence in all her wishes.

Ormsby found her on the following day visibly affected. She had not yet been able to summon up resolution enough to act a part, and her distress was apparent. While they were sitting together, Mr. Hartop's name was announced, and Ormsby beheld with astonishment Julia's colour change, and her whole appearance agitated; and in the next moment heard her mother say, "Mr. Hartop, I am so glad to see you; my daughter Julia can think of nothing but your beautiful white

mice; won't you let us see the dear little things soon again?"

Mr. Hartop, with great solemnity, professed himself much flattered by the honour of Miss F——'s approbation, and expressed a wish that he might be permitted to make an offering of his little favourites to so amiable a young lady, with whom, he was sure, they would be much happier than they could possibly be with a man of his rude habits; but Julia, with sudden spirit, in spite of her mother's frown, was beginning a determined refusal, and a denial of all that had been attributed to her, until she saw a very significant glance directed towards the astonished Ormsby, and she instantly checked herself, and remained in the most embarrassed and distressing silence. The end was, that the mice, in their cage, were ordered up from Mr. Hartop's curricle, and presented to Julia, as "little favourites of whose happiness he had taken care for some years, but from whom he parted without regret, under the certainty he felt that they would be gainers by the exchange."

Ormsby soon understood the meaning of all those strange appearances. Mrs. F—— found him an obstruction to her designs, and determined on forbidding his visits; and the only indulgence

poor Julia could procure, was the permission to soften the message by delivering it herself. I cannot say that Ormsby's feelings were very poignant. I believe that those of men, on such occasions, are usually less poignant than women's; and although Ormsby felt the greatest interest in Julia's happiness, and extreme regret that it should be so interrupted, yet I believe the pangs of unhappy love are much keener than those which he experienced. However, if his sufferings were not acute, his purposes were honest, and he now, more than ever, regretted the lost opportunities which might have been employed to such good purpose, and resolved, more steadily than at any former time, to let no other opportunity escape him; and, for the first time in his life, he continued, during several months, in habits of industrious and well-directed exertion.

In the mean time Mrs. F—— was equally industrious in advancing her designs against Hartop Place; and while Ormsby was submitting to all privations, and devoting himself to toil, that he might be enabled to promote her daughter's happiness, she was labouring incessantly to obliterate the impression which she now saw he had made

on her child's heart. She carried on her designs with the most artless air imaginable; she never affected to suppose that Julia felt any secret attachment, nor did she decline speaking upon the topic which she knew was nearest to her mind. She knew that Julia would *think*, and that thoughts are not less dangerous for being silent. Therefore she frequently introduced Ormsby's name, and spoke of his character with such an impartial manner, and so disengaged an air, and such real vigilant malice, that she contrived, at least, to associate his name with what was most disagreeable, and yet Julia had no suspicion of her design nor means of evading it. She was one night sitting in great wretchedness, listening, or rather endeavouring not to listen, to her mother, who was talking to a full company in this strain. Julia was labouring to shut herself up in her own thoughts, but was every now and then painfully recalled by some cruel and seemingly careless stroke of ridicule and contempt, when she heard a young gentleman hastily observe,—

"Ormsby, did you say, Ma'am? Hill, was not Ormsby the gentleman we heard to-day?"

"Yes, it was."

" Then, Ma'am, I can tell you a story about him which will surprise you, if your Ormsby and mine are the same."

Every one, except Julia, called out to him to tell the story.

" Yes," said he, " I will, and tell it methodically, too, for I have read worse in the papers.

" You must know, then, that as I was coming out of college to-day, my friend Hill met me, and told me that I positively should not go, but that I must instantly get on my gown, and come with him to hear the premiums for compositions adjudged. ' There are to be,' says he, ' some of the most celebrated men candidates, and you may have no other opportunity of hearing them.' So I said, Yes! and on we marched to the ring, and Hill showed me all the candidates. As one of the examiners was taking the names, I heard him say, ' Mr. Ormsby, you cannot be a candidate;' and blank enough the poor fellow looked; but he soon got up his courage, and argued with the examiner, that he could be a candidate for one premium, and at last convinced every body that he was right. Well, the names were all taken down, and there we sat silently waiting for the contest to commence. ' Here's the Provost coming,'

says Hill, and we heard his quick steps advancing near; the door was thrown open, and all stood up as he came in. 'Who are the candidates?' said he, taking up the list — 'Ormsby! — the regulations are against him:' then there was the same arguing to be gone through again. 'I believe,' said the Provost, 'Ormsby may be right, according to the copy of the regulations set up here, but I imagine there must be some mistake in them, so I shall examine the original documents to ascertain the truth.' I was looking at Ormsby while the Provost was away to consult the register, but now he seemed quite calm, as if he had made up his mind for the worst. Well, the Provost returned, the rule was in Ormsby's favour, and the trial began. Ormsby was the last to read, and it was easy to see he had the smallest number of friends. There were two or three persons who seemed at first to have a great anxiety about him, but the audience in general appeared careless enough. I heard one or two whispering each other, 'Here's Ormsby coming, 'twould be better for him that the Provost had decided against him.' — 'And for his hearers, too,' rejoined another.'" Here Mrs. F—— interrupted him to say, how much she regretted that Ormsby had

so completely disappointed the hopes of all who thought well of his talents. "I am sure," said she, "I was myself much prejudiced in his favour, but I have long seen that he can never come to good." "So," resumed the speaker, "they all thought to-day, when he was called on to read his essay; and he himself seemed to think so too, if I might judge by his dejected look,—but he soon lost that look; and I saw that the Fellows began to put up their glasses to their eyes, and when he went back to his seat after reading, while the examiners were whispering together and comparing their notes, every one, that was not looking at the Fellows, was looking at Ormsby and speaking of him. Our suspense was soon at an end. The Provost stood up to adjudge Ormsby the first premium; and there he sat, listening to his praises, as pale as if he was hearing his condemnation pronounced. It is not for a Freshman to dare following the Provost in his speech, but I remember the conclusion. 'These premiums,' said he, 'were instituted for the purpose of calling forth talent, and never, perhaps, was their object more fully attained than on this day.' Then we all dispersed, and Ormsby I saw hastening away; and just as he was getting out of the door, that

fine venerable Dr. —— stopped him. 'Ormsby,' said he, 'I congratulate you, and I wish that your success in life may be as brilliant as it has been to day.' I would not have missed hearing that for all the rest."

Julia would not have missed it either, but she could not bear to hear more; and, while all the company were expressing their various comments, she contrived to glide out of the room, and succeeded in hiding her tears from all except her vigilant mother. She sat in the window of her chamber, looking through her happy tears across the moonlight sky. Her prospect was not obstructed, for there were no houses opposite hers, which was separated from a meadow by the road. Suddenly she saw a figure rise in the field, and spring over the hedge. She could not be mistaken; it was Ormsby! Ormsby—who must have been there watching for her. By a strong effort she suppressed a scream, and only spread out her arms silently towards him. He did not speak; but showed a letter which he had come to deliver. Julia, as if struck by some sudden thought, made a sign to him to remain, and disappeared. Presently she returned again, and coming to the window, took up some flowers and held them towards

him, and then showed him something which, as it shone in the beams of the moon, he saw was a key, and he concluded that she wished to intimate to him that she had found means of admitting him into the garden. He was right, and having gone round to the back of the house to which a by-lane led him, he found she was already at the garden door, and prepared to meet him when she heard his voice. "Oh, Ormsby," said she, as soon as she was able to speak, "how delighted I was to-night. We heard of your great success."

"Yes, Julia, it was encouraging; but we cannot speak of it now. I have been haunting your house for the last week, anxiously seeking an opportunity to speak with you. I have very important things to say; and I had written this note to request you would contrive a meeting. Can you hear now what I wish to tell you?"

"No, no, Ormsby," said Julia, alarmed at his serious manner, "not now; I am not prepared to hear any thing very disheartening. I will prepare myself, and then you may communicate any tidings whatever; but the state of mind in which I have just now been, has unfitted me for any thing which it requires fortitude to bear."

"But," said Ormsby, "what I have to say requires the exercise of no such virtue: I hope I shall not have such tidings ever to communicate to my Julia. It is advice I am come to offer you, advice which I am confident will cause you neither sorrow nor alarm."

"Oh then, dear Ormsby, let me hear it! never was creature more forlorn of all kinds of advice than I am; but don't give it with that solemn face. Every thing affects me now; and you cannot imagine what an air of sadness the moon spreads over your features."

"Well, Julia, since I cannot chase from the moon its pensive beam, nor laugh loud to make its light grow merry, I shall take my place behind this broad shady tree. And now, fair moon, with all thy pensive power, — here, where faint odours mingle with thy loveliness — here, amidst these shrubs and flowers which pay thee their mute homage, — on which thy lovely light rests still and spiritual, as the raised looks of silent prayer — here, where in all thou seest thy sway is owned — I tell thee thou'rt defied. Henceforth I worship thee no more. I am a man more sinned against than sinning. I brought into thy presence an honest purpose and unclouded look; but thou didst shed

a sickly influence down, and, with wan aspect beaming, thou didst steep my smile in pensiveness. — Will this satisfy my Julia, or must I rave on longer, to show that

> 'I, one Snug the joiner, am
> No lion fierce, and eke no lion's dam;'

but that my purpose and my roaring shall be gentle as any dove?"

"How you do run on, Ormsby," said Julia, who, leaning on Ormsby's arm and looking into his face, would have gladly heard him run on for ever;—"how you do run on, making night hideous. Come, leave this horrible mouthing, and begin: here am I, ready to hear your sage advice; and you must not fear that *pleasure* shall soon make me forget it."

"Then, Julia, I shall not trust to accident or design for another opportunity of telling you, that you must be very cautious in your conduct towards a gentleman who has lately become intimate at your house. I mean Mr. L—; he is an unprincipled man."

"Unprincipled! Oh no, Ormsby, you quite mistake him; he is the kindest friend I have now, and admires you more than you can think. Besides, he is of the very greatest service to me, and it is by his

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assistance that I continue to keep that odious Hartop at a distance. He is a married man, too, you know, so I can be more unrestrained with him; and sometimes, while I am in appearance all gaiety and interest about what he is saying, Hartop is looking on with such an expression of self-importance in his whole air, and his large foolish eyes look so scared, and sometimes so angry, that—I shall have a comfortable time of it when I am his wife; then he will make me suffer for my present impertinence. But I have my doubts whether he wont take mamma, he talks to her so about propriety and prudence, and I make L— plague him so, that I don't think he will have me. He has not ventured to make love to me yet, except through mamma; so I think he will leave me to my wretched fate and you: and then—grief, I suppose, will kill me, or I shall run mad—in white satin."

"Well, but Julia, all this has not convinced me that you are right in admitting such an intimacy with L—, and entering into this offensive alliance with him. Trust me the direct course is always the safe course: but I wonder your mother can permit you to behave in the manner you describe."

"Oh, mamma, to be sure, is sometimes very an-

gry; but then Mr. L— knows how to manage her so well. Sometimes she seems ready to fly out; and just then Mr. L— quits me, and goes over to speak with her about some of her old friends and her law-suit; and then, when he has got her mind occupied, he often contrives to make her call upon Hartop, or calls upon him himself, for some information; and, as soon as he has engaged him and mamma together, he comes back to me, or he takes his leave, so that mamma never recollects her anger, or speaks to me about him when he is gone."

"I see, then, that Mr. L— is a man of no little art; and I am told that he is a man of very little principle. I feel a great annoyance in thinking that such a person should be admitted into your confidence. You do not know, my Julia, you never may know, the spirit that is in man; you cannot imagine how apt we are to misunderstand you, and to draw inferences and advantages from your smallest attentions, such as it would shock you to think of. I cannot with certainty speak of any thing flagitious in the conduct of this Mr. L—; but I am told that he is very unprincipled; that he is a bad husband, and has been a false friend; and, I confess, that the specimen you have given me of

his artful and watchful manner has, in no small degree, increased the alarm which his acquaintance with you has occasioned me."

"Now, Ormsby, I have heard you out: you tell me that certainly you know nothing dishonourable of L—; but that you have heard him described as unprincipled, and a bad husband. I am sure your information must have been incorrect; for when I went with mamma to visit Mrs. L—, she seemed so surrounded with comforts and affluence, and Mr. L— seemed so attentive to all her wants and wishes, that mamma came away in raptures with him; and I am sure that if Mrs. L— was not the disagreeable cold woman which I am convinced by her countenance she is, she would be the happiest married woman among my acquaintances.

"Well, well, Julia, I see that if I am to have my assertions credited, I must enable myself to place them in a more positive shape; in the mean time, for my sake, endeavour to assume some little caution, and do not continue that manner which, if it were adopted by any other woman than you, would lessen her respectability. You cannot imagine the shuddering sensation I have sometimes experienced, at the homage I have seen a profligate offering to an innocent and un-

suspecting creature. Do you remember how you started when you saw Kemble, in Richard, patting so gently with his murderous hand the heads of the young princes? And one great misfortune is, that in the cases of the most dangerous profligates, their nature actually experiences a kind of transformation in the presence of their intended victims. You said, this evening, that the moonlight made me look sad. Innocence has its light, and whatever it falls around, seems to be affected by its influence. You do not see the characters of bad men in a light of their own colour; but softened and relieved by that which you yourselves shed upon them. With respect to Mr. L — you may be right; but the account you give of his manœuvring manner confirms me in my own opinion of him. It can, at all events, serve no bad purpose, that you should guard against any very close or confidential intimacy, such as, I am afraid, would be the consequence of your continuing to plague that poor Hartop. Be assured, that your better course will be to give up such a system; and even if, in consequence, you suffer some additional annoyance, think that it is for me you are suffering, and hope that all our annoyances may soon be over."

"Do with me what you please, dear Ormsby, I shall try to be every thing you desire. Yet I wish you could meet Mr. L—, or hear how warmly and nobly he has sometimes spoken of you, although he does not know you, except by report. But what is he to me in competition with your slightest wish?"

So Julia thought; and for some time she gave up all idea of plaguing Mr. Hartop, or coquetting with Mr. L—; but then she was so persecuted by her odious lover, and she felt so much the want of those conversations in which she used to speak unreservedly with Mr. L—— on the subject dearest to her, and to hear praises, dearer far than of herself, so animatedly spoken; and then she was so confident that all Ormsby's suspicions were unfounded; and it was evident that they were, she thought, since he had not discovered any grounds for them, that in the end, by slow and insensible degrees, she resumed her former manners and habits; and Mr. L— had become so agreeable, and rendered himself so serviceable to Mrs. F—, that she agreed to become a joint tenant in a large house which he had taken for the summer, near the village of ——.

In the mean time, Ormsby was vigorously em-

ployed in his literary pursuits, and was every day increasing in knowledge and respectability. He was a rare instance of a man labouring to acquire an independence from such disinterested motives. His suspicions respecting Mr. L— had long been removed. He could not find any means of substantiating the charges which had been made against him; and it is not in such a mind as his, that suspicion can find an internal power to keep it waking. But his alarm was excited again; for whispers began to circulate, such as caused him an uneasiness he had never felt before. I doubt, whether it is in the nature of *human* love to be so totally free from doubt as Ormsby's affection was. It is the privilege reserved for a purer and a more perfect love than earth admits, that it casteth out all fear. But in Ormsby's mind there *was* a freedom from *all fear;* and he so constantly regarded Julia in the light of one for whose happiness he was exerting himself, and he was so occupied in watching his own mind and his ardent feelings, lest any thing might start up there which could in any manner disturb her peace, that the possibility of a change of affection on her part, or of any important imprudence, never once cast a shadow across his mind.

Now his fears were dreadfully excited. He had caught the indistinct whispers which, however slight they are, magnify themselves so upon the memory. He had witnessed the sudden silence, and the cautious manner which does not conceal the meaning it suppresses, but spreads around it, like a mist, through which it looks still more monstrous and appalling. He had seen the studied and laborious change of conversation, where the constrained manner, and the involuntary silences, broken as soon as noticed, give convincing proof that the subject from which the speakers wish to turn is in all their minds, and will not suffer them to be disengaged from it. All this he was compelled to witness, and knew not what measures he could adopt, to obtain a knowledge of the scandal or to refute it. He soon came to the resolution to seek a meeting with Julia, and to be decided by circumstances whether he should acquaint her with these horrid calumnies. For this purpose he went down to ——, and spent his whole time in efforts to see her: but some days his attempts were fruitless; the precaution he was obliged to adopt in keeping himself concealed from her mother, disconcerting all his plans.

At last he saw her. He learned that a party from

her house were to spend the greater part of the day at the Dargle; and he went there, determined to watch narrowly, and hoping that some accident might afford him an opportunity of seeing Julia for an instant alone, when he thought it likely she could arrange some plan for a future meeting.

When at the Dargle, he chose the most unfrequented paths; and, after some time, he could distinguish through the trees in the walks below him the glitter of female dresses, and could hear voices, which he knew, speaking in various tones; and loud laughter sometimes was brought to him on the air. "Poor Julia," said he, "I cannot distinguish your sweet voice; if you are in that group, their merriment gives you little pleasure." Suddenly the thought occurred to him that she might not have come with the party, and that, if he returned back towards her house, his efforts were likely to be successful. Instantly he was climbing up the steep side of the hill, that he might return by the shortest way, when,—what was his astonishment,—just as he arrived at a little green spot surrounded by shrubs, he found himself standing before Julia, who was sitting alone with Mr. L—, his arm thrown familiarly round her. At sight of Ormsby, she screamed, and, starting up with the utmost wild-

ness of manner, flew rapidly from him. Mr. L— was more deliberate: he bowed coldly, and smiled as he pased. But Ormsby thought little of his smile; it could not aggravate the wound his heart had received. He flung himself down at the root of the tree where they had been sitting; wild and confused thoughts and images whirling round his brain. At length all his agitation ceased; but a kind of lethargy spread over his faculties, and he remained still lying on the grass incapable of thought or motion. How long he remained in this state he could not tell. He was roused by a voice which pronounced his name in a faint and hesitating tone. It was Julia's, who had heard from Mr. L— that Ormsby had fallen to the ground and had returned in terror for his safety.

Ormsby heard her voice, and attempted to rise, but failed; and now, for the first time, tears rolled down his face, and he turned away his head. "He despises me," said Julia. "I deserve it all, and yet it is not necessary; my punishment is severe enough within me."

"No, Julia," said Ormsby, turning round, "I do not despise you; if you could see my heart you would see that it is for you I am at this moment suffering."

"I know it, I know it," said she, throwing herself on the ground, and clasping his feet, which she kissed with vehemence, "I know your noble heart; I know your angelic disposition; and what was I that I should ever dare to profane it with my love. What was I? No, Ormsby, do not believe me. I was pure and innocent as you yourself once: that was in our early days. Oh, if I had listened to your advice: but I never was worthy of you. I was giddy and proud; and now I am humble enough—and wretched enough —and wretched enough," she repeated; and drawing herself away, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into a violent fit of sobbing and weeping.

"Julia," said Ormsby, powerfully affected by her sorrow, "dear Julia"—

She raised her face at the word, and looked steadily at Ormsby for the space of a minute. "Dear Julia," said she, in a calm low tone, as if trying the sound on her ear: then she continued in a monotonous but rapid manner, with the same low inward voice, "Bless you for that word, Ormsby—dear—I shall remember that when my despair is strongest. I shall remember it when those wicked thoughts would destroy my soul. God bless you for it,

Ormsby. Your image will not now be so very terrible. You will not be frowning in my dreams, and withering me with your disdain. God bless you," said she, and she took one of his hands in both hers, and raised it towards her lips; but suddenly, with a convulsive agitation through her whole frame, she suffered it to drop from her. Ormsby, quite overcome, took her hand, and bending towards her as she shrunk away, pressed his lips to her forehead, and turning rapidly was out of sight.

It may well be imagined that it was some time before he could resume his studies: but he did recover; and engaged himself in his labours as vigorously as before. Julia, too, I believe, recovered from her grief and humiliation; for, in less than a year from the day upon which Ormsby parted with her under such strange circumstances, she was announced to her friends as Mrs. Hartop. I have heard that she acquainted Hartop with her conduct; but that her mother, who had acquired a complete ascendancy over him, learned the secret, and made him believe that Julia had invented a story only to make him discontinue his addresses; and convinced him that she would be an excellent wife, when once he had made it impossible for her to think about that foolish Ormsby. So Hartop, delighted at the thought of foiling the

the two lovers by their own arts, and having no doubts of Julia's becoming reasonable by an intercourse with him, made all due arrangements, and is now residing at Hartop Place with Julia and her mother.

Ormsby is generally regarded as a young man of promise. His heart has, since his separation from Julia, given entrance to a more vivid affection than he had experienced before; and his account of the change it effected in his character is curious: "I had resigned myself to my fate, and imagined (a Hibernicism) that all the imaginative affections were dead within me. I thought that no lively fancies could ever again have glanced across me. My mind I considered in the light of a museum where the naturalist disposes his dried insects, and I imagined that whoever could look into it, would see my feelings preserved in perfect form, (I was going to say like Bluebeard's wives, but they were I suppose decapitated,) each of them deserving the commendation which Orlando gives his mare, that of having every virtue and only one fault, the fault of being dead. So I thought of my feelings; they would answer very well to paint from, but they were never to flutter again. But I was mistaken; for when a new affection

touched my heart and made a summer there, they all started up, like the dead men in Bayes's Rehearsal, a little paler, to be sure, than they were, but serviceable still; and I trust, that by good looking after, and by not putting them upon very hard duty, they shall continue to be effective upon a kind of peace establishment for the period of my natural life."

TRAVERS.

At the commencement of the college summer vacation, and at the recommencement of study in the month of November, it was customary to terminate and to resume the proceedings of the historical society by a speech, delivered from the chair, on the subjects of study which were cultivated by its members. This was called the opening and closing of the session; it was originally intended merely as a review of the proceedings which had already taken place, or a medium of communicating advice with respect to those which ought to be adopted; but, in process of time, the speech from the chair became a more ambitious thing, and ended by becoming a declamation on the subjects of history, oratory, and poetry. The most distinguished speaker in the society was generally the one appointed to a task

which was every year becoming more arduous, and, in his performance of which, he encountered the critical examination of not merely his fellow students, but that of many literary individuals in the various professions; for, upon this occasion, the society opened its doors, and admitted all persons to be present. The public availed themselves largely of the permission, and the hall of meeting was always crowded to excess upon the night of opening and closing the session.

Upon one of these occasions, when the number of hearers was, as usual, very great, an old gentleman, who was unable to emerge from the press at the door, was complaining loudly of his unpleasant condition, and endeavouring to make his way back again to the stairs. Ormsby, who was sitting near the door, struck with his appearance of age and vexation, came forward to his assistance, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in extricating him from the crowd, and in procuring him a seat.

"Thank you, thank you, Sir," said the old gentleman, "it would be annoying to be sent back "again, after all my trouble, without even getting "a sight of the chair. I have attended every "open night of the society for the last thirty years,

"without missing one, till within these two years "back."

"Then, Sir, I am glad that this night is not to be an exception to your general habit, and I also hope you will not be disappointed in the pleasure you expect. We reckon Mr. Travers, who is to speak to-night, a very able young man."

"I am glad to hear you say so; I did not expect to hear good speaking here again: since your board excluded the extern members, I thought no good could come to the society. It was a sad blow to have all those fine young fellows shut out at once. Many a great man I have heard speak from that chair: — I must not forget, though, to put down the name of — Mr. Travers, is not it?"

"Yes, Sir."

Here he took out a small clasped book, and opening it, showed Ormsby that it contained the names of all the persons whom he had heard speak from the chair of the historical society; and opposite each name he had marked the length of the speech. When he had entered the name of Travers, he resumed: —

"Pray, Sir, who is the young gentleman now in the chair? he seems a fine-looking young man."

"Mr. Heavyside, Sir; he was our last auditor."

"Heavyside!—Oh, I remember now, it must have been his uncle that I have heard close a session in the year. He was a short, dark man, with a turned up nose, but a wonderful orator;—he spoke for seventy-two minutes: though, indeed, I ought not to say this positively, for I was a little overcome by the heat of the room, and was dozing just at the end of his speech, so that I cannot accurately state the precise moment at which he ended; but it was not, I think, half a minute more or less than seventy-two; and you know, Sir, that it is not a matter of much consequence."

"No, Sir, especially as you spent"—

"Ha, ha, ha, you are jocular; but don't think that I have made it a common practice to sleep during the speeches: no, no, I know better than that; and always made it a rule to take a nap after my dinner, for fear of being caught napping here, ha, ha, ha; but who is this Mr. Travers that we are to have to-night?—is he a fine fellow? Is he in the house?"

"Do you see the gentleman at the extreme end of the bench, just near the chair?"

"What! that proud-looking, dark-haired man?"

"No, Sir, the person next him."

"Who? the lively looking gentleman with the brown hair, who is looking through an eye-glass?"

"No, Sir, the gentleman at the other side."

"Who? that dismal lank-looking youth with his head down?"

"Yes, Sir, that is Mr. Travers."

"That Mr. Travers!" said the old gentleman, with his eyes still fixed upon him — after a short pause he turned suddenly round and looked into Ormsby's face with a most comic expression of countenance, suspicion and credulity mingling strangely together, "That Mr. Travers, Sir?" Then finding that Ormsby, who with difficulty suppressed a smile, did nevertheless preserve his gravity, he added, "Pray, Sir, may I ask, is Mr. Travers a friend of yours?"

"Yes, Sir," said Ormsby, "but quite at your service to abuse him as much as ever you please."

"Why then, Sir, since you are so good as to allow me such a freedom, I must say, that I think it would be kinder to send him home and have him put to bed, than to make him a speaker for the historical society. — He make a speech! God Almighty bless my poor soul! — Why he looks more like a poor dunce at school that did not

know his task than like an orator. I beg your pardon, Sir, I know I ought not to speak in this manner; but when I remember Emmett and Bushe, and all the great men I have heard, and to see what the times are come to,—Well, Well! —Lord have mercy upon us all; that's what I say. You'll forgive me, Sir, for speaking of your friend; I don't mean any thing disparaging."

"Oh, Sir, I forgive you with all my heart; but I do not think you can forgive yourself so easily when you have heard him."

"Do you tell me so?—Well—may be he is better than he looks. Curran, to be sure, was a very ugly fellow; but then he had an eye like fire."

"And Travers, Sir, has a heart of fire; and you shall see how it will make him blaze by and bye."

"Well, I hope so; I shall give him a fair hearing. I will not allow myself to be prejudiced by his looks; but still—well, no matter, he will soon begin now."

The appearance of Travers on this night was certainly not calculated to prepossess a distant spectator in his favor. His hair was cut so close as to give no shade whatever to his face, and tho

hair was, itself, of so pale a brown, as to differ very little in hue from the color of his pale face. Those who were near him, saw that his features were handsome and very fine, and the expression of his countenance at times mournful and tender; but, at a distance, these minuter graces were not discernible; and, as his countenance wanted the marking of an eyebrow, and the light which a bright eye throws around it, his look seemed rather sullen and abstracted, than indicative of the passion and the power which he possessed abundantly.

The routine business of the society had now been gone through; the medals were conferred, and the motions, of which notice had been given, were duly made, when it was moved that the chairman leave the chair, and that Mr. Travers take it.

"Poor fellow," said Ormsby's new acquaintance, "how pale he has grown."

Ormsby saw that a sicklier paleness had crossed his friend's face, and that he seemed to press his lips more closely together, as if he would not suffer even the act of breathing to break his rigid composure. He is now invested in the robes of state, and has sat down for a short time; while, in

the most perfect silence, every eye in the thronged assembly is bent upon him. At last he seemed to recover himself; and when he had arisen and pronounced the words "Gentlemen of the historical society," all his embarrassment seemed to have passed away, and he stood before his hearers a completely altered creature. There was no graceful affectation of humility in his manner, nor did he endeavour to overbear the mind by an assumption of state; he stood with the independent, collected look of a man who knew the difficulty of the task he had undertaken, and knew also the extent of his own abilities. There was something exceedingly interesting in his entire performance. The appearance of extreme youth, combined with a look of independence, in which no enemy could trace any thing of presumption; his obvious disdain of all frivolous ornament, and his reliance on the legitimate sources of distinction which he possessed in a fine imagination and a generous mind. He spoke as one who, in no instance, stooped from his course to commune with inferior beings; and although his ornaments were sufficiently brilliant and abundant to captivate those who were incapable of appreciating higher merits, yet they were so judiciously disposed, that, for intel-

lectual natures, they served only to set off the more majestic beauties of sentiment and passion. Through the whole speech there was nothing drooping or languid; just calmness enough to allow of the necessary repose; but in the animated parts, there was, in the thought, the expression, voice, and manner, such an untamed and glowing enthusiasm, that it seemed to one who contrasted the present appearance and manner of the speaker, with his former languid and abstracted looks, as if a cloud upon which we had been gazing should suddenly unfold its bosom, and show that it was all fire within.

"A wonderful creature!" said the old gentleman, as Ormsby was helping him to put on his coat, "a wonderful young man indeed; I predict that he will be a great man, — and yet who could expect such a speech from a youth like him. It reminds one of the old stories of metamorphoses, he was so totally changed; a perfect Proteus, Sir, a perfect Proteus, even to the '*malis alienis*,' is not that the expression, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir; and he has equalled Proteus in his most wonderful feat, for you saw that he became fire."

"Very good, Sir, very good indeed; he became fire—that is in Lucian, I think—yes, it is in Lucian." Well, Sir, I thank you for all your attentions, and hope I may have an opportunity of seeing you at my house in——Street. May I ask what is your number in college?"

Ormsby gave him his address, and the old gentleman said he hoped soon to see him again.

"I wish you a good night, Sir," said he, "and you may tell your friend Mr. Travers, that an old gentleman, who has heard almost every speech from the chair for the last thirty years, never felt higher surprise and admiration than on this night."

The old gentleman was a Mr. Newton, who having lost, in early life, a much loved brother, highly distinguished in the historical society, felt always a strong interest in its fortunes, and for the young men who had obtained its honors. And although he was observed always on his return from the society, to feel a sadness arising out of the memories which it had revived, yet he never failed to attend on the open nights. At his return home on the memorable night here spoken of, he did not, as usual, go into the drawing-room

to visit his daughter; but, hearing that some ladies were with her, he retired immediately to his chamber; and having desired his servant to let him know when the company had gone away, dismissed him, and went to rest. In about an hour the servant returned, and told him that the ladies were gone. "Then," said he, "tell Miss Anne to come to me."

Anne came, a beautiful young creature, "with braided hair and bright black eye." "Ah, Sir, it was very cruel of you to steal away from us; and I had my aunt Jane and Mrs. Williams here, on purpose to amuse you at your return from that odious historical society. I wish you could be persuaded to give it up; I think we must contrive to get up a rival talking-house here at home, and make aunt Jane chairman; I'm sure she is eloquent enough; and you know if she had got on a large dressed wig instead of the false curls and the roses, she would look as solemn as the clipped yew tree in the garden."

"Well, my dear," said the old man smiling, although there were tears on his cheek, "we will talk it over to-morrow; but it does me great good to go out on these nights, although you think it makes me low spirited. I like to think of your

poor uncle; and then you know for all the year, except those two days, I am not at all sad about him. He was a fine youth, Anne, I see nothing like him now; and always on those days I think of him — just as he jumped, with his clothes on, into the water and saved me from drowning. Poor William, he was a good soul. But," said he, after a pause, "it was not to talk of William I sent for you; but to bid you prepare yourself for a new beau that I intend to ask here to-morrow."

"A new beau, Sir, and how, pray, am I to receive him? Is he to be a lover, Sir? If he come in that capacity, he must have great charms to get a place, for my list is full at present. Do you know that I have as many lovers as Portia in the Merchant of Venice, and who care as little about me."

"Very good indeed; so you have lovers, have you? but you need not fear that I am bringing you a new one: but I mean to bring here, that is, if I can get him to come, one of the finest young fellows ——"

"Oh dear Sir, will you? we shall be so glad: shall we bring him to the play with us? I suppose he will be quite resplendent in a side box."

"No, he will not be quite resplendent in a side box or any other box: and now that I think better of it, you shall not hear another word about him until you see him here; but mind what I say, be respectful to him, and do not let me see you or your young friends playing any of your ridiculous tricks: so now you may go to bed, but first set that small table near me, and put the candle on it: well, very well; get me now some paper and ink, and here, take my snuff-box out of that pocket, and place it on the table—so, very well—kiss me, dear child, and good night. Now shall I address this young orator in a way that he little expects: I will not write vile prose, he shall have a sample of my poetical talents."

Here the old gentleman wrote off at once the first line of his poetical address, expecting, I suppose, that a second would follow.

"Oh thou, near whom all orators look dim."

But when he had got so far without fear or impediment, he came to a pause: it was like opening a door and finding a wall instead of a passage. He read the line which he had written over and over again, dipped his pen into the ink repeatedly; and still no second line came to his assistance.

"That dim," said he, "is an unfortunate word—a very unfortunate word indeed! I wish I had begun with some other; but now I am in for it, I must get forward as well as I can, and — dim — it must be, if I toiled till morning. — Dim — Hymn rhymes to it; and whim, and limb, and grim: grim, grim, that may do.

"Oh thou, near whom all orators look dim,
Gentle as Maro, and as Gorgon grim.

"That will do, I think, pretty well — And as Gorgon grim.

"Thou who canst shake the soul with horrid fear,
And with glad sport the shiv'ring spirits cheer,
Come to the bard, who lies in sorrow dark,
And cheer him ——

"Where can the rest of that line be gone? I had it all this instant in my mind, and now it is lost: And cheer him — and cheer him — Oh, I have it;

"And cheer him with thy soul's scintillant spark."

It was in this manner he spent a considerable portion of his night, in the task of preparing a poetical address to Travers, which, on the next day, he left at his rooms, together with a visiting ticket. It was with great difficulty that Ormsby, who was

noticed also, could prevail on Travers to return the visit. He would send an excuse; he would write an apology; he would do any thing, in short, except visit: such a loss of time; such a disagreeable employment, it was not to be endured. At last, however, he consented; and on the next day Ormsby and Travers found themselves in the old gentleman's house, and were introduced to his beautiful daughter Anne.

After that day, there needed no persuasion to make Travers visit at Mr. Newton's.

A great change was soon visible in his character and demeanour. Before this time there was one disagreeable feature in his manners: it was, that in the company of his intimate acquaintances, there was something of irony mingling in all his remarks. Were he in conversation with a single friend, his fine mind and heart would spontaneously expand and show all the riches and the tenderness which they contained; but, in company, he seemed to be under some kind of possession which made *himself* dumb, and caused his *faculties* to speak in a sarcastic or ironical tone, such as left it impossible for you to know whether he was serious or in jest. This caustic manner, I should observe, always yielded to his ardor when any topic in which he

was very highly interested was brought forward. If it were necessary to defend a character which he admired, he became natural and candid and energetic; but still upon all ordinary topics there was, when in society, an ironical influence around every thing he said, which had frequently a chilling and repulsive effect upon the sympathies of his companions.

But now this had all melted away. There was no longer any bitterness in his spirit; he was subject to more frequent and heavier fits of dejection; he had acquired a still more abstracted look; but he no longer spoke in that tone of careless irony, which is so disappointing in anything connected with the affections.

Ormsby was speaking to him one evening at his rooms in college of this change in his manner, "Of course," said he, "we are to thank Miss Newton for it. She seems a clever agreeable girl."

"Oh, how can you speak of her in such a way. You do not know her as I do, or you would not use such terms."

"My dear fellow, for 'know' read 'love,' and you may be right. I do not love her as you do; and, not to speak it profanely, independently of my disinclination to be your rival, I should be sorry that I did."

"Oh; if you had seen her as I have, soothing and cheering her father when under the irritation of illness, you could not but worship her as I do; I have sat gazing on her until I felt tears coming to my eye."

"That is very affectionate indeed, and she certainly is beautiful enough to excuse any folly you may commit; but have you yet determined what you are to do? Have you told her in mere common words that you love her?"

"Told her that I love her! no, not if my life depended on telling her. You cannot imagine what a strange state of mind I have sunk into. It is not merely love I feel; but, without any defineable reason for it, I have a presentiment that my affection will cause me to feel such misery as can hardly be endured. I have no reason why I should be afflicted with such a thought. She certainly loves no other man, and I think she distinguishes me; and still, the anticipation of disaster is always in my mind. The other night at the theatre, when that handsome Mr. —— was coming over to hand her to her carriage, and I was hesitating whether I should avail myself of being nearer to her — although she saw that he was coming towards her, she took my arm, and allowed me to at-

tend her out; and still, the moment that the first —almost intolerable joy had thrilled through my whole frame, the same kind of depression which always is about me returned; and even while her arm was in mine, it had power over me. You cannot conceive any thing like it. Sometimes I make a violent effort, and say to myself, that I will enjoy the present moment whatever may be the consequence; and sometimes when she breaks upon me with one of her beautiful smiles, I feel as if nothing could resist it, and my whole heart dissolves before the enchantment; and then, perhaps, the instant after, I feel just as if an undefined and fearful solicitude introduced some future sorrow into my soul; and there are times — but I cannot bear to speak of that dreadful image into which her smiles sometimes seem to fade."

Ormsby and he were silent for some time, and he resumed "I must tell you a dream I had some nights ago; indeed, the very night after I had been with her at the theatre. I thought we were in a small boat on the lake at 'the Seven Churches.' It was a beautiful grey evening, and the air perfectly silent. We were alone, and although we neither of us spoke, we seemed to understand every thing that was in each other's mind. She

knew my love and returned it; and we felt as if life were ended, and we were two spirits reposing without fear, or passion, or hope, in a sensation that seemed perfect blessedness. We knew that we lived and loved; no earthly affections mingled with the sentiment; and every thing that was beautiful and solemn around us lost itself, as it were, in this one feeling. But while we were in this state of existence, so solemn and so exquisite, — her hand in mine and her head on my bosom, — I heard a voice, low but perfectly distinct, pronounce in the air above me, 'It will not last.' We started and looked up, and a little above our heads there was an eagle motionless in the air, with his wings spreading like a pall over us, and his eye bent, as if sorrowfully, down. Anne turned her face to my breast, and I pressed my arm around her, keeping my eyes fixed on the eagle. The sound was not repeated; and, after a short time, he wheeled slowly around us, and then arose and soared out of my sight. When I looked down again, I found that we were no longer on the lake. We were now in a church-yard; the evening was darker but still calm; the church door was open and a bell was tolling; but no one was in sight. I was endeavouring to soothe Anne's spirits; but the low

melancholy tone in which I spoke, appeared only to increase her distress; when I heard, at a distance, a heavy lumbering sound as of some wheeled vehicle coming slowly on; and, looking towards the place from which it came, I saw through the trees, the black plumes of a hearse which was moving slowly towards us. Anne seemed not to hear it, and I did not speak, but endeavoured to bring her off the path before it could arrive near us; but I found we walked so slowly, as that every instant the noise was coming nearer to us. At last, when the sound of wheels seemed very near, I turned round and saw a hearse drawn by four black horses; but there was no driver and no coffin; — it stopped — and all the black plumes bent down as if saluting me. When I turned back again, Anne was gone, and was no where in view.— In the greatest alarm I sought her; but, hearing a light flutter in the air, I looked up and saw her ascending in the sky. I gazed with a kind of stupefaction until the grey clouds which opened to receive her closed, when she had passed through them; and then I cried out with a loud voice, and called upon her name with so much agony that it awoke me; and I remained all the rest of the night walking about her house, sure of

hearing something horrible in the morning; and, although I at last learned that she was quite well, two days had passed before I could look at her, without a recurrence of the most frightful sensations."

"No wonder you should feel sad after such a dream. I have myself, on one or two occasions, felt my mind for some days influenced by the incidents of a dream, and have retained, among the cheerful realities which were around me, a despondence equally real although its cause was so visionary. Dreams certainly exercise an extraordinary influence over us, or rather that power, whether within or without us, which creates them and gives body and shape and energy to the visionary agent. But I must not forget to tell you that if you were well skilled in such lore, you would salute your dream as a favourable omen; for, to dream of a funeral, my nurse has told me, always denotes a coming marriage, so that you find (unless you refuse to yield to this high authority) you have reason to rejoice in your dream. By the way, have you ever formed a notion of Mr. Newton's sentiments? Do you think he has any views for his daughter such as would render him averse to a proposal on your part?"

"I cannot say that he has; he treats me with the most marked kindness and attention on all occasions, and sometimes speaks to me in the confidential tone of one who felt an extraordinary interest in me. But what of that? I never reflected upon his conduct with any reference to the views you mention. I wonder at myself to hear you suggest them with calmness; for once that such a thought arose in my mind, I started, and recoiled from it with such agitation, that I felt my heart beating long after the thought had departed. But I do not know how it has happened that I heard you speak of the same thought now; and it has not startled me."

"And why should it startle you? What is there about you that should make you doubt of success? You certainly have not a large income; but you have a fair competence, and you have a right to form high expectations. What cause is there then that you should not form a reasonable hope of success? There is one cause certainly, and that is your diffidence. How strange that a man of your intrepidity,— one that feels difficulty nothing more than an excitement,— should distrust himself so much in the case where he is most concerned. Forgive me for speaking so roughly to you; I do it just as Doctor —— walks with his heavy step and rough manner

into the room of a nervous patient, merely to show that there is no danger. I have no doubt but that you may succeed with father and daughter, if you behave with proper promptitude and decision; and, at all events, it is desirable that you should come to a resolution at once. Your days are passing away without leaving any thing useful behind them, and your health actually wasting; and all, because you shrink from a step which you will be becoming every day more disinclined to take."

"All that you say is very true and reasonable; but still it does not enable me to adopt such a (I might almost say) desperate resolution. There are moral impossibilities which are just as unconquerable as natural."

"To be sure there are, but what moral impossibility is there in your case? If you could follow my directions only by violating some strong sense of duty, then I could understand you. There *are* moral impossibilities; and I do not think that there can be on this earth a more interesting spectacle than that of a human being debarred from every thing which he most desires, at a time when it was naturally attainable, by some moral or religious scruple which he cannot, because he will not, violate: but surely there is nothing such in your case. I

must tell you what does prevent. You cannot come to the resolution which I want you to take, because you apprehend that if you fail, you must withdraw yourself from the object of your love."

"How could you mention such a thing," said Travers, lifting his head suddenly, and looking into Ormsby's face, "how could you mention parting? There was a thought of such a kind lying at the bottom of my heart, I believe; but if you had not spoken the word it would not have started up into such a dreadful distinctness as I see it in now. How could I part with her, what should I be without her?" Here he started up and paced the room, "Oh! merciful God," said he, "pardon me and drive away all impious temptations from my soul.' After some time he became more calm and resumed his seat. "Ormsby," said he, "I know your intention was good, but there are things which I cannot bear to hear: they sometimes force themselves upon my thoughts; but, I do not know how it is, they are more terrible in words."

All this only convinced Ormsby that he was right; and that the necessity for some resolution was even more urgent than he had at first imagined. He did not, therefore, relinquish his purpose; but still continued to urge upon Travers

the expediency of the step he had proposed. He could very well comprehend how difficult it must be for a lover to summon up the resolution of disclosing his passion. He knew that, amidst all the fears and disappointments of his condition, there is a delicious influence thrown like a charm around him, which little annoyances cannot dissipate. He knew that his condition was a dream, in which love and hope threw a beautiful light over pains and alarms; and he did not wonder at a reluctance to perform any act by which the dream should be broken, and real happiness or solitary unmitigated pain substituted for the sweet, though troubled delusions in which he had been wrapped before. This, however, did not prevent him from continuing to urge Travers. He saw that his feelings were undermining his health, and that he was becoming every day more incapable of making resistance; and, at last, having inspired him with something of courage, and roused his mind to exertion, he made him promise that he would take his advice.

"I will take the first opportunity that offers of trying her father's sentiments."

"No, my dear Travers, but *make* an opportunity. 'Kill a Hessian for yourself,' said the

rebel sweep, when a comrade wanted to see the watch which he had just gained as fair plunder: and I tell you to make an opportunity for yourself, for, if you wait for circumstances, they never will shape out one exactly to your mind: and, remember, make it soon."

TRAVERS,

(CONTINUED.)

A YEAR has passed, and circumstances are greatly altered. Poor Mr. Newton has been nine months dead, and Travers is the accepted lover of his daughter. The old gentleman had received his declaration of attachment with great satisfaction. He had been for some time suffering under a complication of ailments, and knew that he could not live long. He one day communicated this to Travers when they were alone; and, seeing him greatly moved, attempted to speak to him some comfort. "You know," said he, "I have been a long time here. I have outlived most of my relatives, and so I have nothing to complain of in being taken away. I hope God will be merciful to me, and that he will take care of poor Anne. She is my only concern. I wish she was well married before I leave the world. I am

greatly afraid of that foolish aunt of hers; she will never know how to choose a husband for the poor child. It is only a father, and one that knows the world, who can make a choice."

"I hope Sir," said Travers, "that God will be pleased to leave you here long, to be Miss Newton's protector yourself. Indeed, young women require wise protectors now, when so many men of bad principles and broken fortunes are going about, one might almost say, seeking whom they can devour. To find all the requisites of rank and fortune and amiable dispositions united is a rare thing."

As to rank and fortune, my dear Travers, I do not want Anne to marry a title, or a coach and four. She can be happy enough without these things. It is a maxim which I copied, I do not know from what author, 'Enough is riches to the wise;' and although Anne's education has depended too much on her aunt (for I never had time to attend to it), yet I always taught her not to think about being rich and great. 'Anne,' I used to say to her sometimes, 'never wish to be rich and great, because high conditions are full of temptations and flatterers; and besides, your wishing to be great will never make you great:' so that I think I have kept her mind sober. You see how a pru-

dent father can be of great service to a child, although he may not be constantly watching over her; but I shall not have long to watch over my poor Anne. She will be left, poor thing, without one to advise her or to love her."

"Oh Sir," said Travers, "if I were worthy:" he broke off overcome by his feelings, and by the suddenness of the effort he had made.

"If you were worthy," said the old gentleman, looking at him with glistening eyes, and taking his hand; "of what is it that you are not worthy?"

Thus encouraged, Travers spoke of his affection, and of the fearfulness with which he had guarded it from the knowledge of its object.

The old gentleman wished to communicate with Anne himself; but at last assented to the earnest wish of Travers that he would allow him to learn her sentiments before he spoke to her on a subject that might be painful. In a few days after this, the old gentleman was found dead in his chair, calm as if in a sleep, the Bible lying open on a small table before him, and an unfinished paraphrase of the fifteenth psalm.

That day has been gone by for nine months. Anne is living with her aunt Jane, and Travers is a favoured lover. His attentions during the bitter-

ness of Anne's sorrow have made, and could not but make, an impression upon her; and when he declared his love, although he would not enforce his claim by her father's sanction, yet she confessed with tears, that she knew how gratifying it would have been to him had he heard the declaration of Travers, and known how she received it. Aunt Jane, however, loves him not; and although she yields a reluctant assent to Anne's wishes, yet it is on the condition, that no marriage shall take place until Travers has been called to the bar, and in some respect established in his profession: but at all events, he must have entered upon it, and before this can be effected, an interval of two years must still elapse.

Neither Travers nor Anne were free from annoyance. Travers found that visiting at the house of Miss Newton's aunt was not the same thing as visiting at her father's.

There is something in the love of literature which (however defective the taste and judgment may be) either occasions or implies a generosity of sentiment. At least, it was so in the case of poor Mr. Newton. His love of what was distinguished in mind caused him to respect most the ascendancy of genius; and therefore, you did not often meet

at his house anything of the insolence of rank, or the sordid pride of riches. But Aunt Jane was an avowed admirer of rank and fashion, and accordingly, she endeavoured to assemble around her all those who could contribute most to the fashionable celebrity and eclat of her parties. In her labours for this purpose, Anne was a powerful auxiliary. Her perfect beauty,—beauty, too, of an unusual kind, and a certain *naïveté* of manner,—together with her being a new face, and a fortune, soon made her the fashion of the season; and her aunt's house was constantly full of visitors during the early part of the day, and in the evening, whenever she was not accompanying her niece to some other scene of gaiety.

Among the many visitors who were to be found in her drawing-room, there was a Mr. Wakefield, who particularly distinguished himself by his assiduities; and who, it was evident, stood high in Aunt Jane's estimation. He was very wealthy and of good fashion, and frequently drove his sister in a barouche and four to make a visit with him. Aunt Jane was quite sure that Anne could have married him; and sometimes gave vent to her disappointed feelings, by contrasting the circumstances which might be around Anne, if she had

been prudent, with those to which she was likely to be reduced. "She must give up all her present friends, for she could not maintain an intercourse with them after her marriage with Travers. Her fortune was sufficient to procure her a good match, or to make her independent; but it was not sufficient with his small income to enable her to live in anything of a proper stile: and it was mortifying," she used to add, with a sigh, "to think that her dear child, the most admired young woman in any circle in town, should be moping at home every evening with a petty lawyer, who must be so much engrossed with his papers, as that he could not afford even to speak with her. How it would make all their friends stare! one that might have such excellent offers, and to give up all for a man that had so little to recommend him. Well, if she had been consulted, as she ought to have been in time, this should never have taken place."

I grieve to say that, miserable as such eloquence was, it had an improper effect on Anne. It is certain that she never could have felt any thing like a strong attachment to Travers. She preferred him, certainly preferred him, far above any other young man she knew; but her preference was not such as to make her satisfied with renouncing for him all

her fashionable acquaintances. While she was at her father's, and these acquaintances few, and her successes at public places not very brilliant or numerous, she could resign them without pain; but now, all the fascinations of life were around her: she was so admired, so flattered, so caressed. Life seemed to *flourish* in these gay scenes, and every where else to be a languid exotic. She could not think without a sigh, of bidding farewell to all the gaieties which she had learned so highly to value, and estimated, at least, at its full price, the sacrifice which she must make for Travers.

While things were in such a state, it was not to be expected that their courtship could consist of those halcyon days, which, under other circumstances, might have constituted that poetical season. Travers had still the same unhappy presentiment which formerly disturbed him, added to his other uneasinesses, and sometimes, it is painful to add, a capriciousness of temper where he could least bear it. These last annoyances, however, were not frequent; for there was in Travers nothing servile, and any insult roused a spirit in him which made him resist with a firmness and independence such as compelled respect for him.

He had been for some time in London maintaining a regular correspondence with Anne, when reports began to spread abroad that she was to be married to Mr. Wakefield. It was certain that he had become more assiduous in his visits, and that his attentions were more public and particular: nor did Miss Newton appear to be at all indifferent to them. On the contrary, she was to be seen in all public places with Mr. Wakefield at her side; and even could listen with complacency to his caricature descriptions of the man, to whom she had promised her hand.

One night, at her aunt's, he was amusing the company in this manner, and seemed animated into extraordinary spirit by the presence of Ormsby, to whom he imagined his remarks must be particularly galling. He began by enquiring, "What had become of the silent young gentleman with the strait hair and the sober visage, who used to come like a minature-painter, to study Miss Newton's face; and who never minded any body else in the room?"

"Mr. Travers you mean: he is attending his law terms in London."

"What, does he mean to be a barrister? What, in the name of wonder, can he do at the bar?

Is it by silence he hopes to get on? It was very unkind in you, Miss Newton, not to give him some lessons in behaviour: you ought to have desired him to get a drill-serjeant to make him walk like a man—as if he were alive: and you ought to have (for I know he is a lover of yours; and you should be grateful, you know,—ha, ha, ha!) You ought to have taught him to divest himself of the little studious peculiarities, which unfit him so to mix with ordinary men."

Ormsby felt himself burning: and the more so, because he saw that Miss Newton did not feel this insolence, as he thought she should have felt it.

"There is one peculiarity," said he in a quiet unmoved voice, "there is one peculiarity, at least, which I am sure Miss Newton will not deprive him of."

"And pray, Sir, what is that valuable peculiarity?"

"It is, that no man has ever yet spoken in the presence of Mr. Travers, in the manner that you have spoken in his absence."

"What do you mean by that, Sir? Do you mean to say, that I have said anything which I would not have said before any one on earth?"

"Indeed, I cannot take upon me to imagine what you might or might not say. I measure no man's hardihood or rashness; but this I will repeat, that neither you nor any other man ever has spoken in the presence of Travers, so disparagingly as you have spoken to-night, when he cannot hear you."

"Explain yourself, Sir; what do you mean by that."

"My meaning I think evident enough; I mean nothing more or less than my words imply, and these I will write for you, if you please, that you may study them, if you think proper, at your leisure."

"There is no occasion, Sir. I shall remember them as they deserve."

At Ormsby's return to college, he went in search of Mr. Lorton, who was, at the time, one of the most intimate of his acquaintances. He found him, and related the circumstances of the night.

"It will be necessary for us," said he, "to remain at home to-morrow, for I think it likely that Mr. Wakefield will send here."

"No, no," said Mr. Lorton, "he will not; there was nothing in your words which could give him a claim on you."

"But he may send to enquire whether I meant to insult him: and if he do, my answer shall be, that I meant nothing more than my words imply; and these I cannot retract."

All that night and the next day, Ormsby spent in the greatest suffering. Fully conscious of all the horrors of the predicament into which he had plunged himself; — sensible of the criminality of the act which he was perhaps soon to commit; the open violation of God's law; the defiance of his judgment; and the proof he was about to give that he valued his own stubborn passions more than the love of God, and respected the opinion of the world more highly than he did the supreme will; yet all these reflections could not sway him from his purpose, and the final resolution to which he came, was, that he would go out at the call of Mr. Wakefield, and hazard his own life, but make no attempt upon that of another.

On the evening of the second day, he was freed from all anxiety by Lorton. — "Do you know," said he, "that I have been speaking to Mr. Wakefield about your business."

"I have you indeed? Well, what does he mean to do?"

"Just what I told you; — nothing at all."

"Has your friend Ormsby," said he, "told you of a misunderstanding between him and me."

"Oh, some trifling thing, which occurred at supper the night before last."

"The same: I was a good deal nettled at something he said; I had some serious thoughts about it. But, on consideration, and consulting my friends, I found that it did not require of me to take notice of it; and, to say the truth, I deserved well that he should be severe upon me, for the liberties I took with his friend's character."

Ormsby could no longer restrain his feelings, and, desiring Lorton to excuse him, retired to his chamber, where, falling on his knees, he remained for some time speechless; but, with prayer and contrition in his heart, and in that feeling of penitence formed a resolution which he was never after in danger of violating. When he returned, he found Lorton looking at a profile likeness of Travers, in shade, which happened to be *lying* on the table.

"What a pity it is," said he, "that this noble-minded fellow should be so infatuated about that stupid girl. I danced with her a few nights since at Lady ——'s, and scarcely ever met with a less interesting creature."

"She is very beautiful, is she not?"

"She is a painter's beauty, fine features and hair and colour; but she is cold-hearted; and poor Travers thinks that she loves him."

"Indeed, I am afraid he is deceiving himself sadly."

"Deceiving himself!—to be sure he is. *She* love him! She is incapable of loving. She cannot love any thing—not even dress or admiration. She feels no passion strongly—no, not even vanity;—and when she sacrifices Travers, which it is most likely she will, it will not be because any violent ambition overcame her better feelings; but merely because, on cold calculation, a more eligible lot is offered to her: and she will feel no other pain than what may be caused by apprehension for her character. How is it possible that Travers should have been caught by her? She is always either talking voluble nonsense, with the fools for whom she is best adapted; or else she is sitting in stupid silence, or making some insipid remarks when any one of common sense is talking with her."

"It is, certainly, very extraordinary, that he should have been so completely infatuated; but, you know, the infatuation of men of genius is pro-

verbial. Do you remember the first night we saw Kean, what a variety of ingenious points and perfections we discovered in his acting, which we soon found to be quite unintentional on his part; and to have their origin only in our own heated minds? 'Tis just so, and in, of course, a higher degree, that a man of much fancy is always finding out motives and designs in the woman he loves, such as nobody else can discover, and such as she herself is quite unconscious of. Even the knowledge of her defects becomes, in this manner, a new link of his chain. A man of genius in love acquires, in one particular, a resemblance to the character of Sir Thomas Browne. He says of himself that he always found some fitness in every part of every production of nature or art; and that, where others could see a blemish or a deformity, he could find out some happy adaptation of this defect which increased the value of the subject in which it was found. Men of genius all resemble him in the particular instance where their affections are set. I remember one day, when I could venture to speak to Travers as I thought, suggesting to him that, although Miss Newton was agreeable, yet she possessed no high talents. 'No,' said he, 'she has not much of what we call

talent. She has not many facilities for holding communication with the world; but her soul, Ormsby, her soul is all purity and heaven. I look upon it as one of those blessed islands upon which a celestial light is always shining; and which, to those who arrive at it, is more delicious still, from the knowledge that it has been set apart for them, and that there is no communication between it and the world which they have left. I have fixed my whole soul upon the contemplation of her, until I have left talents and accomplishments, and all external things far behind; and have worshipped, I might almost say, before her spirit, and have beheld that pure spirit possessing, — oh! more of heaven than ever was retained by any other mortal creature.'— What can you expect of a man so deeply devoted as this?"

"Very little that is reasonable, certainly; but he ought to be informed of the manner in which Mr. Wakefield's attentions are received. Travers is a spirited fellow; and I know, however he may suffer, he will act as becomes a man."

"I dare say, before this time, he is well enough acquainted with all that concerns him. His friend Sydney has gone over to London; and he has, of course, informed him of all proceedings here. But

come quickly to this window. Is not that Travers' servant, with the trunk, coming over towards his rooms? — Certainly it is;" — he threw up the window — "John, whose trunk is that you are carrying?"

"My master's, Sir; he is coming on with Mr. Sydney, we have all just landed from the packet."

Presently after, they saw two figures, such as could not be mistaken, even in the dusk, crossing the courts and coming towards them. The lion port, and stately form of Sydney, was at once distinguished, and Travers too was more erect than usual, more in his proper dimensions, and with a carriage more congenial to the proud gait of his companion. Ormsby and Lorton hastened down to meet them — "Ormsby," said Travers, "I have just heard of your conduct the other night, and the peril you put yourself in on my account: I thank you for it."

"Oh, never mind it," said Ormsby; "there was nothing of peril at all; it was a thing of no consequence."

"It was nothing more than I should have expected, certainly; but I don't thank you the less on that account. May I believe the account which I had from Waller? (I have just left him in the street.) Is it all over?"

"It is, upon my honour. Lorton met Mr. Wakefield to-day; and he has no intention of taking any notice of my expressions: — but come up to my rooms. John is there with your trunk."

"Yes," said Travers, "I will; but it is of little consequence where I go; all places are alike to me now."

Nothing on earth would have less the appearance of an unhappy or discarded lover than Travers. There was neither dejection nor impetuosity in his manner. At times, the tone of his voice used to rise for an instant above its ordinary pitch; and sometimes his head would droop, and he would speak on some ordinary matter, in the tone which belonged to his inmost feelings; but he always recovered himself, and, during the whole evening, he displayed a self-possession and an intelligence which excited the admiration of his friends.

He had not been quite unprepared for the tidings which Sydney brought him. The letters which he received from Miss Newton had, latterly, been greatly changed from their former character. She no longer spoke of herself or her affections; she availed herself frequently of those indeterminate words, — those ambiguous phrases which keep the word of promise to the ear and break it

to the heart. In fact, they had become letters just calculated to awaken the indignation of an impassioned and spirited young man; and thus procure an excuse for a violated engagement on the lady's part, while to an indifferent person there might appear no grounds to justify the injured lover's indignation. Travers was not slow in imagining that aunt Jane was the compiler of these artful epistles; but still was unwilling to bring matters to an extremity, from an apprehension which he still cherished that he might possibly be deceived. He however complained to Anne of her altered manner, and received only the same kind of evasive replies as those which had occasioned his first alarm.

One evening, a very remarkable circumstance occurred to him, which I hesitate much whether I should relate. It is said that authors may with greater propriety record falsehoods than improbabilities; but still I will venture to be the narrator of one incident which is, at the same time, improbable and true.

Travers, the reader may have observed, was one of those persons who are not free from superstitious imaginations. I believe it will be found that all powerful passions predispose the mind to entertain

sentiments which, if the affections were composed, would be at once rejected; and I would not therefore undertake to say, that in an excursion which Travers made to Norwood, he was influenced only by the beauty of a fine summer evening, and his inclination to ramble far away from the noise and smoke of the city. Whatever his motives were, on such an evening, he was engaged in conference with an old gipsey woman, who proffered her services in disclosing to him the secrets of the future. Contrary to the usual habits of her craft, she predicted nothing which the enquirer would willingly have paid for. She announced to him that he was on the eve of a misfortune, and that he would have performed a journey before the twentieth day of the following month. The first part of her prediction he thought probable enough; but he had resolved that no private grief should have the power to overcome his resolution of remaining in London the entire time he had originally fixed upon; and he was therefore little inclined to regard the prophecy. But circumstances caused him to alter his resolution. An event totally unexpected, and quite unconnected with his engagement to Miss Newton, rendered it necessary for him to return to his friends; and he was entering the

bay of Dublin on the very evening which the gipsey had predicted. I do not wish to give importance to this little incident. The coincidence appeared to me remarkable enough to be noticed in this slight sketch; and I leave it to the reader with no other comment than that it is strictly true.

Travers still cherished a notion that some very harsh or deceitful measures must have been adopted, to alienate from him a heart which he thought entirely his.

"I will not go there to-night," said he; "I wish to have my first interview without witnesses. I shall be at their door early to-morrow."

In the morning of the following day he called, and was received by Miss Newton's aunt with great civility and kindness; "but Anne would be so sorry not to have the pleasure of seeing him, she had just set out for the country, and was to be for some time absent."

"Where has she gone? It is indispensably necessary that I should see her."

"My dear Sir, to speak confidentially, it will be much better that you should not. Poor Anne's mind and spirits are greatly changed since you were here. Oh, it is a terrible thing to make an

engagement which binds a poor young unthinking creature. I always knew that it must end badly. Mr. Travers, you are a very sensible young man and a very distinguished character, and it is for this reason that I speak so openly to you. In my mind, Anne has formed an attachment to another gentleman; and I think it would be better for your mutual peace that you should not meet again. You see what confidence I place in you, because I know your honorable mind and heart."

During all this time Travers was listening in perfect silence, his eyes fixed calmly on the speaker, and not by a word or gesture betraying his feelings. It seemed as if the steady gaze which he fixed upon her countenance had the effect of confusing her, for she spoke in a hurried, confused manner, and, it is probable, departed from the plan she had devised of making Travers himself responsible for the violation of Anne's engagement.

When she had ended speaking, Travers again calmly demanded where Miss Newton was, but receiving again the same kind of evasive reply, better arranged now, as the disturbance his presence occasioned was passing away; — "I demand of you Madam," said he, "a direct answer to my

question. Where has Miss Newton gone? I suspect that she has been in some strange manner foully deceived, and I must learn from her own lips whether I am in error."

"Sir, let me tell you that you are in error, that you can learn your error from my lips, for I can tell you that neither force nor deceit was used to make Anne Newton regret her engagement, if engagement it can be called, to you."

"Very well, Madam, but still you evade my demand; I have to request that you will answer directly to one question. Will you inform me where Miss Newton has gone, or will you not?"

"No gentleman has a right to demand such an answer from me; but, Sir, I do now distinctly answer that I am not obliged, and that I will not give you such information."

"Then I am answered. — Oh! what a scene of base and complicated treachery may I have to unravel. It was to no common arts she could have fallen a prey. —All pure and excellent as she was, I knew some dreadful delusion was practised upon her. 'Madam,' said he, advancing quietly towards the lady, 'you refuse me the information which I had a right to expect—on your own head be the responsibility of your refusal. I am not so

ignorant as not to know where I may demand information with more authority than I have a right to exert towards you.'"

He turned to depart, but, terrified at his last menace, the lady called him back; she apprehended that if he went directly to Mr. Wakefield some consequences might ensue by which her arts would be all exposed and frustrated; and she thought it better to hazard any thing herself, than to risk the consequences which might ensue from the violent passions of two young men.

"You are so hasty," said she, as Travers returned, "you are so unmanageable. I wished to spare you a painful moment, and you will not allow me to consult for you, but since you are so obstinate, I must yield. Anne is at this moment in the house; remain here, and I will bring her to confirm with her own lips the information I have given.

Travers remained, standing in the middle of the room, and although he heard footsteps approaching, he could not advance to the door. At last, after a moment which seemed to him intolerably long, Anne entered, leaning on her aunt.

"Here, Sir, I have brought"—and even aunt Jane faultered, at the wild looks with which Travers was regarding Anne. There was in his

countenance a mixture of astonishment and horror and despair, such as she had never witnessed before, and the tone of unconsciousness with which he pronounced the words "She is false! she is false!" as if insensible that he was expressing his conviction, forced a tear from her eye. She hastily procured some water, and offered it to Travers, but he motioned it from him.

"Anne," said he, "I demand no explanation— I ask you no question — every thing is answered to me in this world; — I loved you, Anne, and you betrayed me, but see how calm I am — I do not upbraid you."

"Dear Mr. Travers," said the aunt, "be moderate, be collected."

"Moderate — I am moderate," said he, in the same low tone — "rejoice in your work; you have darkened the fairest spirit that ever came down upon this earth — rejoice, Madam, in your work, and remember it.—Anne, I do not upbraid you."

Anne had been silent until now, overawed by the passion with which Travers was agitated. At last she seemed to have caught from him an excitement which enabled her to speak, and she said, "Travers, don't speak so, you wring my heart."

He started, "Your voice is not changed, Anne, it sounds as it did before you brought this terrible ruin upon me — but I would not wring your heart — oh no, I would not give you pain;" and softened by the sound of her voice, and perhaps by the remembrances it awakened, tears came to his eyes, and dropped on Anne's hand, which rested on the table near him. At this she was quite overcome, and sunk back on a sofa near which she was standing, in a violent fit of sobbing. Her aunt now fearing that the interview might become dangerous to her purposes, hastily declared to Travers that Anne was engaged to Mr. Wakefield, and was deeply attached to him.

"Is that true Anne," said he, "is it true? oh, speak and tell me that it is not, and you will make me blessed. — Speak to me, dear Anne."

"It is true," said she, "my aunt speaks the truth."

That evening Travers was employed in collecting every thing which he had at any time received from Anne, every piece of poetry which she had copied for him — every letter — every little ornament which she had pencilled for him — he collected all, and enclosed them under a cover for her. In the next week he was in London, where he

learned, in about the course of a month, that Anne was married to Mr. Wakefield, and that the happy pair had set out for Paris. In the course of the following summer he visited his friends in Dublin, and shocked them all by the appearance of his altered looks; but he said that there was no alarming symptom about him.

"I have not," said he, 'neglected my health; I know the claims that are upon me, and by the assistance of God I shall be enabled to answer them. If I am ill, it is altogether owing to my severe study. My labours are certainly intense, and they are not lightened by any pleasure I can feel in them; I cannot yet take an interest in them; but it will not be always so, and I shall in the course of time be repaid for my exertions."

Ormsby was once repeating to him some verses which he had written on the return of Louis — he had written them in the character of a partizan of the former dynasty; they began thus: —

"He came when our laurels of glory were blasted,
When our champions had shrunk—this fair country was wasted;
Not a wreath on his brow, not one scar on his breast,
To insult the proud throne which our hero had press'd."

Here followed some passages which I cannot remember. Travers listened silently until Ormsby repeated the following lines —

"Now no more shall the beams of the bright sun in vain
Glance faint o'er the glooms of our war-clouded plain,
Nor the merciless spoiler with lightning and brand
Blast his course through the beautiful vales of our land;"

and he here interrupted him with an expression of praise.

"I cannot write now;" said he, "I am quite incapable of expressing a poetical sentiment; but I am still alive to every tone of feeling or fancy. I am," said he; "that is left me still — but I never again shall be what I was. Music is an inconceivable pain to me; and even poetry sometimes agitates me dreadfully. Come with me," said he, "and I will show you the only safe enjoyment I have left."

He went into his bed-room and showed Ormsby his Bible lying open. "Here," said he, "is the book with which I open my day, and with which I endeavour to compose myself at night. You cannot imagine — you who have never experienced such affliction as mine; you cannot imagine the effect of our Saviour's character on a wounded

heart. I do assure you that I have felt a calm insensibly stealing over my whole spirit as I read his discourses: they speak to me like the voice of a friend.---It is as if some one who knew all my sorrows, was gently reminding me of my hopes---not speaking with austere majesty of the littleness of all I at present am and feel, and contrasting it with the future; but as if Christ were a kind and indulgent friend, who treats me with the tenderness which my sufferings require ---who knows that my sorrows are great to me, and alleviates them by sympathising with me. I assure you that I feel at times as if *He* were actually taking a part of my sorrows from me, and communicating to me new strength and new hope, to sustain me against all the despondencies into which I should otherwise have sunk."

Here it was that this pure-minded man sought support, and it was not denied him. It is not many years since his hopes were all so terribly blasted --- and he has regained his spirits and his health. --- He still feels pain in speaking of his unhappy attachment, and he cannot think it possible that he shall ever regard another woman with affection, but still his mind is composed, and the interests of life are capable of exciting him to

action; and he furnishes one of the instances of persons in whom the feelings of this world have been revived and purified by the influence which has been derived from the resources of another.

SIDNEY.

SIDNEY was not a mathematician. I told him one day, that he looked exactly like the caricature of "taking physic." "You will not wonder at that," said he, "when I tell you that I have just taken Helsham's propositions on the cycloid;" but he used to observe, that it was not the unpleasantness of the task which caused him to shrink from mathematical pursuits, but what he considered to be its utter unprofitableness. "I am practised enough," he would say, "to make me adhere to the formularies of reasoning: the higher order of reasoning I conceive to be almost independent of little technicalities; and how can I without disgust employ hours in proving what I am quite satisfied to take for granted, and what perhaps, when known and proved, is altogether worthless. In criticism,

in moral philosophy, in history, in legislation, in the study of man, every fact I arrive at is important in itself, and assists in solving the enigma of our being; but in the mathematial studies, unless we arrive at the very highest departments, and at high eminence in these departments, the discoveries are of but little value. Life to be sure may have derived advantage from the developement of scientific principles; the arts have been improved, and many mechanical contrivances have been discovered by means of which our comforts and conveniencies are much increased; but, very probably, most of these contrivances are the inventions of men totally ignorant of mathematics as a science, and who take for granted the truth of the principles which they find applicable to their particular purposes. But, as I am altogether destitute of mechanical genius, I do not see how I could benefit life by addicting myself to mathematics, unless I could attain such an eminence as to establish some new principle to be acted upon by men of contriving minds; and I cannot discover any benefit likely to accrue to myself from investigating the reasons why mathematical certainties in which I see no importance, are demonstratively true. Indeed, I look upon Lucian's dream of the contest between Statuary and Science,

as extremely applicable to the studies of mathematics and of the more liberal philosophy.

"A mere mathematician is most probably, a man of narrow mind. He is sagacious, but his mind is not comprehensive: with him ideas are valued not by reason of their intrinsic importance, or for the consequences they involve, but according as he can find links to connect them together. Like the statuary, he goes out of his own mind to work according to the models (however mean they may be) set before him; and although in both pursuits of the artist and of the mathematician, great minds have broke out upon the world and realised for themselves an almost imperishable glory, still, in the ordinary progress of both, there can be but little of that liberal and lofty habit of thinking, which gives to man his ascendancy above meaner creatures, and connects him with beings of a superior order."

With such sentiments, Sidney, it may easily be imagined, was not distinguished in the scientific course of Dublin college; and even in the classical department, he was less conspicuous than might have been expected from his fine taste, and his diligent study of the ancients. He obtained, to be sure, collegiate honours, but it sometimes happened that

prizes were won from him by persons considered very much his inferiors. The fact was, that Sidney was not always best supplied with that disposeable kind of knowledge which would, as it is said, *tell* for him at his examinations. He was rich in curious medals, but not over-furnished with current coin. He was, in comparison with some of his competitors, what a sportsman is in knowledge of a country, as compared with a man whose information has been derived from maps and books of geography. The sportsman may not perhaps be so accurately informed about the regular line of road, the distance between various towns, and the population of them; but he far exceeds the geographer in knowledge of those picturesque and secluded spots which lie remote from the public ways. He can shew you where you are to plunge into the dark glens, and where to struggle on towards a sparkling spring or a savage cataract: he can show you where nameless streams are murmuring, and fair lawns opening; and where habitations of men are sprinkled in the recesses of a lonely mountain, or within the covert of a seemingly pathless wood. Sidney could not pass over the fields of classic lore in the manner of a land-surveyor: wherever there was a noble thought or

a happy expression he remembered tenaciously; indeed, it might be said, that in such cases, the thought or the expression incorporated itself with his own habits of thinking and feeling, so as to take up a residence within his mind for ever; but the digressions into which he was thus led, and the vividness of his sensations in studying the more interesting parts of any work, left him, in some cases, destitute of much useful though common-place knowledge, and dulled the faculty of memory with respect to those parts of a writing which were less important. However, if prizes were to be adjudged according to the mental improvement of the candidates, Sidney could never have gone unrewarded; for it would be seen, that even when he did not appear laden with the food which was to be consumed, he nevertheless presented himself with all those attributes which indicated the soundness of the diet he fed on; while many a person, who was to be seen with his basket well stored, could at once be detected to be only the slave burdened with rich viands which he dared not appropriate to his own use, or which would not assimilate with his system.

Among his fellow students it was that Sidney's talents and attainments were most highly appre-

ciated. Reasons on compulsion he might not give, but reason and wit and eloquence he yielded liberally to the bland constraints of society. Alike familiar with the argument and the eloquence of the noble compositions which we studied, he was rich in varied quotation; and his discrimination in matters of taste was so instantaneous, and so well evidenced its propriety to us when we considered it; and his acquaintance with the principles of legislation and with the policy of different governments was so considerable, and our admiration encreased so with our own acquirements, that all of us who were among Sidney's intimate friends, looked upon him as the most gifted man of his class, and as the one who was most likely to run a splendid course over the arena of life.

Where is Sidney now? I seem to myself to have been writing an exordium to the history of a life in which the world is concerned. The reader may perhaps expect, that my hero is some one of those eminent persons upon whose wisdom the nation depends, or whose eloquence sways the senate. And is it so? Have I designed under a feigned name to describe any great statesman the ornament of the ministerial benches, or a thunderbolt of the opposition? No such thing. Sidney is

a pains-taking curate in the church of England, buried in the duties of his station, and breaking up, to enlighten an affectionate flock, humbly and successfully the brilliant endowments which we had fondly hoped would have been proudly concentrated to make *himself* conspicuous. And is nothing more to be expected from Sidney? Is a story which set forth with pretensions so pompous, with promises so very magnificent, to terminate in so miserable performance?

I have no reply to make, except that whatever be the result of Sidney's labours, and whatever the complexion of his life, the blame does not rest with me. In the task I have proposed to myself, my labours would be quite incomplete if I did not present at least one such sketch as that of Sidney. The Irish Church might furnish many such. It would supply many an instance of genius bowed down to toils, worthy certainly of every faculty, but not perhaps better performed by men of the highest mental endowments than by men of more ordinary intellect equally zealous for the interests of religion. Many a young man has entered into orders in the Irish Church, and filled the minds of all who knew him with the most sanguine expectations that he would speedily become a great

public blessing; and for some time has sustained and heightened these favourable expectations by noble specimens of Christian eloquence; and then gradually has subsided into a level with persons greatly inferior to him in all mental endowments, although perhaps animated by an equally fervent spirit of faith and devotion. How is such a problem to be solved? The object of this paper is to solve it; and I sincerely wish that injurious consequences may be prevented, by an early statement of the principle from which they are likely to proceed.

The great evil in the Irish Church system is its want of popularity. I do not mean to intimate by this any want of public favour, but an inattention to the best means of procuring general reverence and love. It is surely a strange defect, that, in a church which prescribes, as a part of its office, a weekly address from the minister to his congregation, there should not be a single appointment subject to Episcopal direction calculated to promote the study of Christian oratory. Let no one think lightly of the consequences which may result from this neglect, until he has attentively considered them. It would not, to be sure, be desirable, even if it were of easy attainment, that every clergyman should be an orator; but it would be of great importance, indeed, that there

should be, in various parts of the country, men who had had leisure and inclination to cultivate their popular talents, and who were qualified to set forth the merits of the church to which they belonged, in such a manner as should engage the affections of the people; while, at the same time, they served as useful models to the clergy of their respective vicinities. There is something in genuine eloquence which procures for it an influence over all hearts, and which, even to the illiterate, asserts and vindicates its superiority above the pretensions of rash and zealous declamation; although, in the absence of the higher quality, very inferior powers will produce considerable effects. The Church of England may have cause yet to regret its want of attention to this obvious truth; and it may see its own pure doctrine and excellent discipline fall into neglect and disesteem, because the talents which might have presented them in such a manner as to have their merit recognised, are engaged in setting forth a form of religious doctrine seemingly more simple, but destitute of that divine philosophy which causes the Church of England system to be truly a reasonable service. It is not that talent is seldom found in the Church, nor yet that pure religion rarely accompanies it; but that zeal and

ability are not free to exert themselves in the manner most likely to set forth the majesty of religion, and to convey to the hearts of men the impressions which are naturally to be produced by the revealed beauty of holiness.

How is Sidney employed? Is it in a manner in which the cause of religion and the church may receive most benefit from his services? Sidney is a person of philosophical mind, capable of communing with men of cultivated understanding, and of setting before them religious truth in a manner calculated to make them feel its applicability to human necessities, and to make them reverence the church in which this important truth is so guarded and illustrated. And how is he employed? For himself and his eternal interests happily; but how, for the interests of the order to which he belongs? He is employed in a very large congregation composed almost exclusively of the poor. Of these, vast multitudes are incessantly craving for the relief of their animal wants; and Sidney, who, with leisure, and in a proper sphere, would become an ornament to his order, and a light to direct many high minds to a knowledge of the truth, is now obliged to divest himself of his genius, and to devote himself to labours

which would be equally well performed by any person of zeal and of ordinarily good understanding? What was the employment of my departed friend Waller?—For himself noble. For himself it was the best calculated to work out an imperishable crown. He was engaged in labours of a humbling and a purifying nature; labours calculated to subdue the pride of talent, and to extinguish the fire of a natural but an unworthy ambition;—labours on which the approbation of God was shining, and in which he was animated and soothed by the blessings of the lowly and the afflicted. Such were his labours for himself. But what were they for the church? Comparatively nothing. Waller lost his life as they do who gain life. But the church may be said to have altogether lost the benefit of his services. Had there been in the church such an attention to the proper division of labour, as would have permitted these highly-gifted young men to cultivate their talents under favourable circumstances and in a proper sphere, the world might have derived advantage from exertions which will now, perhaps, remain in a great measure unknown; or known so far as to occasion a regret that they were not more beneficially directed. In a ministration where en-

lightened minds demanded of them knowledge, Waller and Sidney would have been, as it were, conductors for the remote truths and deep mysteries of religion, to a people who could value them when thus communicated, although the habits of their lives might not be favourable to the discovery of them. In this their proper sphere, Waller and Sidney would have profoundly searched the Scriptures with the assistance which prayers procure, and under the influence of all the lights which could be collected from antiquity, as well as from modern times. They would have been, as it were, a kind of "*Interpretes Divum*" for the literature of the schools: they would have selected all that was valuable; and, by the aid of an active fancy guided by a sound judgment, they would have conveyed to the hearts and intellects of their hearers, many important truths which had otherwise remained hidden.

Waller and Sidney are not the only persons of whose talents the church (from want of a suitable sphere) has failed to benefit. Many a curate, even now, gives frequent proofs of what he might be, if circumstances favoured the development of his abilities; and causes regret to those who can make allowance for the brief preparation he is

able to bestow upon his public duties, in consequence of the more obscure labours by which his time is so fully occupied, and in which his strength is wasted. Is it not to be much regretted, that the Irish Church affords no means of cultivating a popular talent, the importance of which it so fully recognises. Opportunities for deep study it affords to the incumbents of thinly peopled country parishes; but where the congregation is such as to demand and improve talents for sound and animated preaching, the duties of private visiting are so heavy, as to leave little time for cultivating any talents whatever, except such as may be in daily and laborious employment. The consequence must be, that in time, all popular eloquence will be detached from the Church — detached from it, if not professedly, at least virtually; for the exercised abilities even of ministers belonging to the Church of England, may be employed in a manner which does not promote religious knowledge so as to make it most permanently useful. There is an opportunity afforded for the cultivation of popular talent in various chapels, of which the officiating minister is a member of the Church of England. In these, the popular qualities may be cultivated, because there is not annexed the incumbrance of parochial duty,

indeed, popular qualities *must* be cultivated, because frequently they are necessary to the support of the minister and the institution; but in these, the government is in a great measure of a lay character, and, in the choice of a minister, it will be provided, that his sentiments respecting doctrine shall accord with those of his employers. The doctrine received may not be different from that of the church, except in attaching an undue importance to something generally received, but not dwelt upon to the exclusion of other important truths; and hence it may follow, that, in time, the symmetry of the Church of England will be destroyed by insisting upon any one part of its doctrine, to the exclusion of other necessary subjects of consideration. Many of the clergy, under such training, may, by the cultivation of their popular talents, have the power to render their view of the church more interesting and attractive than the more correct views of those who, although they have a clear knowledge of the truth, cannot, from their want of power, set it forth to advantage; and thus the love and reverence of the laity may be directed rather to the instructor whose merits they can understand, than towards a system of which the beauty is not clearly exhibited to them.

To prevent the consequences which may follow from such a state of things, I would propose, that in certain churches which may be considered proper for such a purpose, there should be appointed ministers whose duty was to consist exclusively of preaching, and whose remuneration should be sufficiently liberal, to allow of their devoting their whole strength to the cultivation of a useful talent. To do this, would be to comply not only with the principles on which national prosperity depend, but it would be in accordance with the injunctions so frequently given by the apostle Paul, of cultivating especially the gift which the Spirit has bestowed on each individual. The consequence would be, that the church would become rich in pulpit eloquence; and that a spurious kind, which owes its popularity more to an accordance with the prejudices of the hearers, than to the merit or usefulness of the preacher, would fall into disesteem. The whole majesty of the church would be set forth: it would be shewn in such a manner, as to have the beauty of its proportions recognized: the truth and importance of all its doctrines would be made sensible to the hearts of the people; and it is impossible, when thus its merits were continually illustrated by high and cultivated and religious

minds, that it should not secure for itself an estimation in the minds of men, such as would make them reverence it, as the means appointed by a merciful God to communicate to them his choicest blessings.

THE FUNERAL.

Some time after I had quitted college, and had come to reside in the country, I assisted at a mournful ceremony, which, notwithstanding the period when it took place, is naturally connected with these recollections. It was the funeral of a female, very unhappy and very young. I remember the morning on which her remains were committed to the earth. It seemed peculiarly unsuitable for such a purpose. I do not know why it is, nor shall I stop to enquire; but we certainly expect, that at the burial of the beautiful and young, nature should appear as if it sympathised in the feelings of the human heart; as if it would not, by any rudeness of the elements, disturb that deep moral interest which, under such circumstances, death is fitted to excite. But this was a morning calculated to disenchant the most poetical imagination.

It was not violently stormy, nor did rain pour heavily down; but the wind blew angry and petulant blasts at intervals, and a cold sleet was driven harshly through the air. The sun had not risen when we arrived at the burying-ground; and there was a thin but a cheerless-looking mist over all the country around us.

When we left the little village of —— to proceeed on our melancholy office, the morning had not yet dawned, and the heavens were so dark with heavy clouds as to yield us scarcely any light. The form of the hearse in which the coffin was carried could be seen but very imperfectly; and the stragglers who walked in silence behind or around it appeared so shadowy and indistinct, that although the heaviness at my heart soon corrected any wanderings of my fancy, yet I used at times to forget the business in which I was engaged, and feel myself as if oppressed by a confused and mysterious dream, where I expected the occurrence of some awful event, but knew not yet what it was to be.

The deceased was a stranger in the village of ——; she had been there but a few days before her death, and her name and her sorrows were unknown; yet many of the poor inhabitants were

come out to pay her remains the last tribute of respect. I cannot but think this reverence for humanity, exemplified in a concern for the dead, a beautiful trait in the Irish character. That character is sadly changed. A preternatural malignity appears to have taken the place of the unreflecting violence which, in its fiercest ire, was capable of melting into tenderness. The innocent superstitions of the last age have passed away, and the legends of the moated field, and of glens and silent hills, are far more fearful than when fairies guarded these their charmed haunts. No rustic now expects to see, by the side of the smooth lake, the *benshi's* beautiful form, as she looses her fair tresses to the moon's soft light, and weeps, and sings with her wild sweet voice the song that bodes deep lamentation in some lordly house. All these superstitions have faded away. Far different are the narratives of the cottage hearth, from those which in past times filled the rustic mind with a pleasing alarm. The limits of fairy-land have been narrowed, and over the greater part of Ireland the consequences of extreme and long-continued poverty acting upon uneducated minds, have familiarised the people to such terrible realities, as have taken away all power of excitement from the imaginary horrors of the

last age. The majesty with which the character of the wandering pilgrim invested itself is gone. His benison, once so highly valued, is heard with slight regard. The mendicant still finds his asylum where he seeks it; but his respectability has perished with the past years. He is no longer an entertaining guest, well repaying the hospitality he receives by merry jests and marvellous narrations. He has been forced to unlearn the loquacity of his calling, and, as he passes away from every threshold, to leave behind him the memory of what he heard within. If he dare speak of what he heard and witnessed, he would speak, not of nights enlivened by stories of fairy gambols, or fearfully given up to ghostly legends, but charactered by records of real crime, or by the plotting some new atrocity. He could say, that the paleness which spread over the cheeks that crowded round the blaze of the hearth, was sent up from hearts where an angry remembrance had stamped passionately the thoughts of dire and deadly vengeance against some living being; and he could say, that he had seen the wild flashing of fierce eyes, and marked the triumphant tone of voice, as the narrative told of the murderous stroke, by which revenge had been successfully achieved.

Such are the narratives and such are the acts with which the Irish peasantry are now familiar: and with these things the gentle superstitions of former times can have no fellowship. They are gone—and with them a train of many virtues has departed; but, still however brutal (and I might even say demoniacal) the minds of the people have become, a kind of reverence for the relics of the dead remains, quite distinct from every thing of sorrow and compassion; and it would seem as if the spirit of humanity, dislodged from all obvious strongholds, continued to inhabit the heart under the guise of this one kind feeling, and waited mournfully for the time when a moral renovation of the Irish character should restore it to its lost ascendancy.

Thoughts like these arose in my mind, as I looked upon the numbers who exposed themselves to the inclemency of a severe winter morning, that they might honour and assist at the interment of a poor and almost friendless stranger. I have said, that the merits or the sorrows of the deceased were unknown to the inhabitants of the village. There was, however, one individual present who knew them well. She was very old, seemingly just ready to sink into the grave, and was sitting

silently and firmly beside the coffin which contained her grand-daughter's remains. I was riding near her, and lamenting, but without speaking, her exposure to the severity of the blast, which dashed the cold sleet full against her unsheltered face. "This wind," said she, "this spiteful wind, —and a poor child that never harmed a fly. But what an old fool I am! She does not feel it now.— Yes, yes, you may blow on, and rain too, and hail; but she is away with her God! oh, she is with God —she is with God. Don't you think, Sir," said she, observing me looking at her, "that I am very brave. Look well at me, and you will see that I have not shed a tear — no — no — and you don't hear me groan; - -but may be you don't know the reason: I know I shall not be separated from her again. No, my sweet babe," said she, looking down at the coffin, and weeping as she spoke, "I lost you when you were young, and I found you in misery; and soon I shall follow you where no misery can come." I could only express a hope that, in God's good time, we might all be re-united; but she did not hear me, her attention was given to her own thoughts, and she continued to gaze earnestly at the coffin, until we arrived at the church-yard gate. Here I attempted to dissuade her from entering

the burying-ground. I knew the vastness of our capacity for suffering; and I knew that even the grief of such a bereavement as this poor woman's, was capable of increase. I had had experience as my teacher; and I knew that, bitter as my sorrow had been, I had not felt the full reality of my loss, until the last office to the dead was peforming: until then, great as my affliction was, it was not at its height. I thought, indeed, that it was not susceptible of any aggravation; but when I heard the words of the solemn service pronounced, when I heard the coffin of my friend return that dull lifeless sound, and when I saw it disappear from me into its narrow bed, I felt such a sudden rush of of agony, as if, until that moment, I had been only dreaming of misery, and that now my eyes were forced open, and I awakened to a most keen sense of my utter desolation. Therefore I attempted to persuade this poor old woman that she ought to retire into a house at the road-side, and wait until I could procure a vehicle to carry her back again. "Oh, Sir," said she, "have you no greater faith in God than that? I am seventy-eight years of age, and I have never murmured at the sufferings He inflicted on me; and do you think, that after being supported, on my long journey to this child, through

every misery — oh, do you think that he brought me here, only to send me on the world again with a sorer heart than ever woman lived with? — No! no! my God! my hope is strong in you; and I know you will give me my release. God almighty bless you, Sir, for what you have done for my poor child; and if prayers will avail you in heaven, there will be two there that will not forget you: but look, Sir, they are ready at the gate, and I can walk up quite steadily."

She did advance steadily, leaning only on a slight staff, and heard a part of the burial-service read, standing, and looking full in my face with such an expression of countenance, as if she had discovered in every sentence some particular meaning, or as if it were all a message addressed individually to her. At the grave, she was, after some time, obliged to sit back upon a low tomb, where she still continued to listen with the same earnestness; but when I had repeated the words, "We therefore commit her body to the ground," she rose up suddenly, and stood in an erect posture, with her head lifted towards heaven, and I could see her lips moving, and could hear some indistinct sounds, as if she was repeating after me the words of the service. I paused; and all the crowd turned

to look with strong emotion upon the singular appearance before them, as of one who was wrapt in communion with some unseen being. But the enthusiasm of her feelings was not able to support her long; and she sunk back again into her former position. I continued the service, and observed no farther manifestation of any strong feeling to agitate her; but, after the prayers, when the coffin was let down into the grave, and the first earth flung on it, I heard a faint scream, scarcely louder than a sigh, but audible from the deep stillness of the moment; and, in the next instant, the poor old woman was beyond the sufferings of mortality.

She is buried in the same grave with her grandchild. It is a spot which I sometimes visit; and the simple inscription on the stone above it, awakens in me mournful and sweet remembrances; but I dare not often indulge in them, for they diffuse a languor over all my faculties, such as might in the end unfit me for the performance of my active duties, and make me waste, upon shapeless visions and undirected emotions, powers that have been bestowed on me for, I trust, more useful purposes.

Deep as my interest was in these poor sufferers,

and closely as they are connected with some of my most tenacious remembrances, my acquaintance with them was very brief; and my knowledge of their very existence quite accidental. The first time I saw the grandmother was on a Sunday, about a fortnight before the funeral. I was entering into the vestry-room of my parish church, when I saw the sexton (rather too zealously) remove from the door an old woman who was standing there. I saw her lift up her head suddenly, and turn her eyes towards him with a quick look of surprise, and with something of expostulation in her manner, as if rudeness had not become familiar to her. Although I passed hastily by, I could see distinctly, that nothing less accorded with her features and the naturally soft and innocent expression of her countenance, than the extreme wretchedness of her attire.

"Do you know," I asked the sexton, "any thing about that poor woman who is standing outside the door?"

"No, Sir, nothing at all; but I suppose she is one of those strolling beggars that ought to be taken up and sent to hard labour: they ought to be made work for their bread. What a hard case, Sir, that the magistrates will let these strollers go

about the country defrauding the poor of their right.".

"But this poor creature seems incapable of assisting herself in any way, and she must perish if we neglect her."

"Oh, I'm sure," said the sexton; "far be it from me to grudge her what she may get, if it be not taken from the mouths of the poor of our own town."

It was easy to perceive that the sexton was not likely, in this case, to give an unprejudiced report of the state in which the poor stranger might be; I therefore determined to find out where she lodged, and to make personal enquiries about her condition. Some business, however, put it out of my thoughts to make the enquiries during that day and the following; and on the morning of the third I perceived her at my door. I wish I could describe her appearance, as at this moment it rises before me. The wind shaking the thin grey mantle and the cold-looking black stuff gown, which I learned afterwards was the poor shivering creature's only covering: the silver hair turned closely up under a scanty black bonnet: the fair, pale face, and the delicate features which extreme age had not rendered ungraceful: and the light-brown eyes in

which it would seem as if an unaccustomed light had been newly kindled.

It is not for those who have not been witnesses of such a union, to conceive what a strange effect is produced by combining with the character of old age a strong expression of surprise. Nothing new under the sun seems to be legible in every time-wrinkled brow; but, to the poor woman on whom I was looking, it seemed as if every thing was new—as if with all the feebleness of an exhausted mind and frame, she was undergoing the dicipline of youth. She had *heard* of cold, and want, and neglect; and you could trace in her countenance the wonder she felt, at finding them her companions. Her voice corresponded with the notion her appearance raised in me, that her present adversity was new to her: but although I did not think she was an impostor, still I had been so often duped, that I thought it necessary to observe some caution, and said, in reply to her entreaties for charitable relief, "that the poor of our town were so numerous as to render it almost criminal in me to attempt relieving strangers. "The will of God be done," said she; "but it is a hard thing to be left to die in the streets, and my journey so nearly ended. Ah, Sir, I am not a com-

mon beggar. I set out on a tedious journey, with clothes and some little money; and I declare before God, that I did not stoop to ask charity until I had sold the last article I could part with; and, at this moment, I have no garment inside this miserable gown, that has let the cold pierce through me; and I went to the people's doors, and some of them smiled at me, and more said I was a stranger. Oh, God help the poor stranger!"

I thought there was much truth in her manner; and that the light high tone of voice in which she spoke, without loudness or querulousness, was the voice of one upon whom the hackneying influence of the mendicant profession had not taken effect: and, that I might speak to her more at ease, I desired her to come in from the cold air. "You told me," I said to her when she was seated before the fire, "that you were performing a journey; how far are you going from this?"

"To — to see my grand-daughter."

"Are you to live with her when you arrive there?"

"Ah, Sir! all I ask of God is, to see her once alive, and to hear her speak one word to me before she goes. Isn't it a strange thing, Sir, that I should feel cold or hunger; and I on such a jour-

ney? I am going, Sir, to see my grandchild, the only creature I have now in the world, and she is dying in ——: and I have been crying, Sir, actually crying from cold and want; and sure I ought to think little about them now:—and when I first heard that she was there, I thought nothing of the weary way that was before me, but I felt as if I was a bird, and that I could be with her like a wish. And since that day, three heavy weeks have passed, and I have been sick and weak, and could not drag on my wretched body with me; and now I expect little better than to lie down on her grave and die: but that's where I ought to die, and she'll have a welcome for the poor stranger. Yes," said she, smiling, "you will welcome me, my poor sorrowful child; and the world will be rid of the stranger. I'm not sorry to quit it, Sir; it was a sore world to me always.—When I was young, I was unhappy, and misfortune was with me through my life; and now, in the end of my days, there is not one creature on earth to love me or care for me, but she that is dying among strangers, if she is not already out of the power of the whole world."

I asked her, had she no children?

"No, Sir; I never had but one, and we were too proud of her — and her heart was broken.

She married, Sir; and we could not deny her, although we knew it was not a wise match;—and her husband was a hard and wicked man: and when she found that her father and I were giving our little substance, and all was but little, to his extravagancies, she pined away, poor thing! and she used to look at us with such a sorrowful face, and not speaking a word.—Oh, if I was to live a thousand years, I never can forget the morning when her poor old father was carried off to gaol for her husband's debts, and we so cautious that she should not know it. And I was going with the men down the little avenue, and thinking the poor child asleep in her bed, when I heard such a frightful cry from the house; and there was my poor tender child running with the speed of wind, and never stopped until she fell so deadly pale into her father's arms. Oh, that was the sorrow! 'Is she gone?' said the poor man: but she was not dead —and I brought her home again; and my husband soon got out of prison:—but I always thought that that was the day when my poor daughter's heart was broken. She lingered, Sir, with us for some time; and after that, she never spoke of her cruel husband, who had left her and her infant; but she gave me the child, and made me promise

that I would never part with it:—but God is above all, Sir, and he separated us, and a sore separation it was to me. She was our comfort in every hardship; and when we were obliged to leave our sweet little place, and go look for employment among strangers, that dear child made us think little of all our sorrow. We kept her, Sir, we kept her, as if care was never to come near her; and when my poor husband and I used to come home from our work, and pray for God's blessing on our beautiful child—and a beautiful creature she was;—and all the neighbours allowed, that a sweeter or a prettier-behaved girl was not to be found in the whole country round than dear Susan Maxwell ——"

"Than whom?" said I; "where did you live?"

"Lord, Sir," said the poor woman, astonished at my vehemence, "what is the matter with you? we lived at ——, and worked at Mr. ——'s factory."

I could not suppress a groan—"Oh, Lorton, what dreadful mischief have you done."

"Did you know him, Sir?" said she, "did you know him? Did you know the destroyer of my child? I know him now—he called himself Smith; but I learned who he was."

It was awful to look upon the wreck which profligacy had made of this poor family. They had been as happy as, under the circumstances, could have been reasonably hoped for, before disgrace came upon them. The poor old couple, feeble as they were, were highly respected by their employer, and engaged in such easy works as were not beyond their exhausted strength; and all the people employed at the factory looked up to them as to persons of superior station and respectability. When their child was carried from them, they left their little cottage and proceeded to Dublin in search of her or of her seducer. There the old man sunk under his griefs; and his poor widow, after surviving the loss of every thing she valued, was, through the exertions of a benevolent man, placed in one of those charitable asylums which so strikingly characterise the habits of a Christian people.

"I lived on," said she, "for many a heavy day; and the thought of my poor forlorn child was never out of my mind: and often I used to enquire of the strangers that visited the house whether they had seen her; poor foolish creature! I never thought that they did not know my Susan. At last, one of the women in our house, who knew me in better days, got a letter from her son,

telling her that my poor child was in ——, and lying sick in a house near where he lived. At this I did no more but ask her for the letter (I have it with me), and I went out, without saying a word to mortal, and sold two gold rings; and then I sent back a message to the house to say I was gone to my child, and went straight upon the road. I came part of the way in the mail-coach; but my money would not pay as far as I thought; and so then I was obliged to come on foot: and I grew sick, and was confined to my bed, and lost a great deal of time: and, for three days before I came here, I was creeping on with my blistered feet; and now, if it was to recover my child from the grave, I cannot walk a mile farther."

I told her that she need not travel farther on foot, as I purposed to accompany her on the remainder of her journey, which was now but short. In order the better to direct our movements, I asked to see the letter, and I copy the part which related to the object of our search.

"You'd be very glad, my dear mother, to know who is here, only that I'm sorry to tell you, she is sick and keeping her bed. It was a moving thing to me to see her so wasted and gone! I was putting in a pane of glass the other day at Mrs. Wil-

liams's; and nobody being by but myself, I was singing at my work, when a girl opened a door at the other end of the room, and desired me not to sing, for there was a young woman sick, and I was disturbing her; and I stopped and begged pardon, and was going to finish my work, when I heard some one in the room within say, in a very easy voice, 'tell that young man I want to see him;' and so the girl at the door bid me come in, and I never knew who was in the bed, she looked so pale and sorrowful, until she said 'Don't you know me, Robert? — don't you remember Susan Maxwell?' And at that I could'nt keep myself, but cried like a child; and a Turk could'nt keep from crying that remembered her as I did, and saw her lying so worn on the bed. I told her that her grandmother and you were living together; and she desired me to tell you that she is not able to write a letter herself, but as soon as she is able to travel, she will go up to ———. I pray God she may be able to quit this place alive."

With this letter to direct us, we easily found out the young man; and learned from him, that Susan had thought herself so far recovered, that, on the day before, she had set out on a hired car for ——, from which she intended to travel in

the stage-coach; so we had to retrace our steps rapidly if we would overtake her: but, on enquiring from the carman, who had returned, we learned that she was so ill when he was leaving her, as to be confined to her bed; and that he thought it would be some days before she could proceed on her journey. By this time I had informed the old woman of my close intimacy with Lorton, and of the letter respecting her child, which I had received from him before his departure from Ireland; and we had arranged, that Susan should be removed to my house from the village, which was no more than three miles distant. But the moment I saw her, I perceived that she was in the last stage of a rapid consumption; and that, for the few days she was likely to live, it was better that she should not be disturbed, as the apartment in which she lodged was commodious, and the inn quiet.

Having sent a message that a clergyman begged permission to see her, I was admitted, and found her sitting up in bed, — her eyes and colour resplendent in that ethereal beauty with which death, in cases like her's, delights to decorate his victim. I thought to have prepared her for the sight of her grandmother; and for that purpose prevailed on the old woman to remain below stairs until I

sent for her; but my precautions were rendered vain by a child who came into the room and asked to have the poor woman admitted. "Won't you," said she, "tell the gentleman to let up the poor woman who says you are her child, and that she has come a great long way to see you?" The poor girl spread out her hands, — "It is my grandmother, my poor grandmother!" and when the feeble old creature came into the room, she had sunk back in the bed; but still retained her consciousness, and kept her eyes open and fixed on her grandmother, but without speaking, and grasped her hand, which she pressed to her heart and kissed passionately, and bedewed with a copious shower of tears which came at length to her relief. She recovered sooner than I expected, and was much less weakened by her agitation than I had feared. Her emotion was more alarming on recognition of me. I said, after some time, that she perhaps had heard my name; and instantly, on pronouncing it, all colour left her cheeks, and she trembled violently, and gasped for breath, making repeated attempts to speak; but her efforts failed for some time, and she could only articulate some disjointed expressions: — "Were you," at last she said, in a voice sunk to

a whisper, and with her eyes for the first time raised to mine, "were you Lorton's friend?"

I pass over all the particulars of this our first interview. The poor grandmother remained with her until her death, which took place in a few days after; and I spent the greater part of every day with her, returning in the evening to my house in the adjacent village. The account she gave of the events of her life, from the period of her quitting Lorton, the reader might be anxious to learn. He had carried her to various parts of the county of Wicklow, such as were least frequented; and then brought her to Dublin, where he placed her in very retired lodgings, leaving her, whenever he went from home, particular cautions against allowing herself to be seen, and feeding her fancy with hopes that he would shortly make her his wife, and publicly acknowledge her. She soon, however, had convincing proof, that she was but one of his victims, and felt herself deserted. Obliged to give up the lodgings where he had placed her, her first thought was to return to her grandfather's; and, on a September evening, she found herself near their cottage door. Dreadful as was the thought of appearing before the aged couple, her sensations were still more distressing at the sight

of the house standing silent, and with closed doors and windows, and bereft of all the little air of neatness and ornament by which it had been formerly graced.

"I stole," said she, "to the back of the house, to look in at the little room where we used to sit: it was quite empty; and as I leaned against the window, it pushed open, and the wind sounded through the lonesome house so dismally; and the room was full of brown leaves, and when the wind came in and stirred them, they flew all about; and I began to lose my reason; and still I could no more turn my head from the window, or keep from looking in, than if my grandmother was lying dead before me." How long she remained in this state she could not tell, but the night was closing in, when a lady returning home, found her sobbing, and, as it appeared to her, sometimes laughing, with her head in at the open window. After some time, she succeeded in gaining the poor girl's attention; and found to her astonishment, who she was. She brought her home with her; and, in the course of a few weeks, poor Susan had recovered from a slight temporary derangement, and was enabled to feel all the misery of her condition. She heard of her grandfather's death, and a report that her

grandmother too had sunk under her sorrows. The lady who had brought her home, and who had known her character in early days, would not do good by halves, but, trusting that a return to virtue was not yet hopeless, kept Susan about her own person, and endeavoured to strengthen all her good resolutions, and to renovate the principles which evil counsel and yielding affections had been successful in undermining.

She was beginning to recover something like tranquillity, when all her hopes seemed destroyed, by new arrangements which were likely to separate her from her mistress. "They were dreadful tidings to me," said she, "when I heard that my mistress was going abroad with her two daughters; and although I did all I could not to let my grief be seen, yet they soon saw it." "Susan," said my mistress, 'I see you are sorry to lose us,'—and then I could not keep in my tears, for where could I find such a mistress as I had found in her." She was, however, relieved from her fears, for her mistress, unwilling to leave her exposed to the dangers of an unprotected condition, proposed that she should accompany her, and Susan gave, it may be imagined, a glad and grateful assent.

A few days before that which was fixed for their departure, her mistress called Susan, and told her that she had something of consequence to communicate: this was, to inform her that Lorton was to sail in the same vessel with them; and to entreat her, if she had not sufficient resolution to avoid him, to give up her intention of going with them. After the first agitation was over, Susan said that she could not deny her affection for her betrayer—she loved him still, and no earthly object could she put in competition with the hope of being of use to him in infusing religious principle into his mind; but she knew her own weakness too well to attempt any such plan, and she thought she could answer for herself, that if her mistress would not leave her behind, she would be strengthened so as to resist every inclination which might urge her to make herself known to Lorton; and she hoped, that, from the manner in which they were to live while on board, she might easily keep herself concealed. Her mistress depended on her, and they sailed. "Oh, Sir," said she, "'twas a sore trial to see him, as I sometimes saw him, so pale and thin, and to hear the deep short cough—and all the time to see him so care-

less about himself. It was easy for me to be concealed, for he took little notice of any one, and I spent all the day in my ladies' cabin, and came up on deck only in the evening and morning for the benefit of the air. One day my mistress told me, that she thought he felt for me, for that on mentioning the factory, he seemed greatly agitated, and presently left the room; and I observed, that, on that evening, he was looking very sorrowful, and that he remained on the deck alone, gazing on the sea, and quite motionless.—Oh, what would I not have given to speak, and tell him who I was?"

It happened that on an evening after Lorton had shewn great distress of mind at an allusion to the place where Susan lived, he was on the deck, leaning over the water—the moon was rising, and Susan was in attendance on her young ladies, who were enjoying the evening air. "I never," said one of the ladies, "saw an expression of such total despair in any countenance as on that young man's; what can he be thinking of?" "He is thinking of me," said Susan; "I am sure he is, and I cannot resist the impulse I feel."—"I know, Sir," said she to me, "it was wrong, and that I ought not to have acted so, but at the time a kind of madness

was upon me, and I did not well know what I was doing."

Immediately, intreating the ladies to remain where they were, she took off her bonnet, and letting her hair down, she stood behind Lorton in the moonlight, which had now spread its influence all around. For some time he remained gazing upon the streaks of rippling light on the waves; at last he turned round, and his eyes rested on the beautiful fragile form which was standing motionless before him. His mind had been so full of Susan, that, changed as she was, he at once knew her; and the moonlight only served to throw a more spiritual expression around her figure, heightening the delusion in which he gazed on her. She was terrified at her own conduct, and was beginning to retire from his presence, but at this, he regained the power of speech. "No, no," said he, "stay —do not forsake me; you come to summon me— I am ready — I am ready. — Great God!" said he, speaking in the same low inward tone, "thou *wilt* accept my prayers. — I could not pray before. — If a broken heart was an offering to thee, thou knowest, and thou only, that I offered such a sacrifice — but still I could not pray, I could not and did not ask for mercy.—Thou hast sent it

Lord — thou sendest this bright vision as thy messenger of grace; — she is not left behind me, to the miseries of living — thou hast released her, Oh my God, and thou wilt accept the penitent spirit in which I bow myself in thankfulness before thee. Susan, forgive me; God has forgiven me, else he would not have sent thee here — pronounce my forgiveness with thy sweet calm voice, and I depart with thee from the world;" — and he fell upon his face before her, as she was standing in astonishment at the manner in which he addresed her.

They were to have been married when they reached land, there being no clergyman on board; but some days before the termination of their voyage, poor Lorton was no more. He made a will, bequeathing to Susan all he possessed, and gave her a letter for me, directing that I should see her put in possession of the small income which still remained out of the wreck of his Irish property. Susan prevailed on the captain to have his body brought to land; and his grave, which she every day visited, became so dear a spot to her, that she could not be persuaded to return to Ireland, when her health declined, and native air was ordered for her. At length, from one of the visitors at the house of her former mistress, where she still lived,

although no longer as a servant, by some accidental circumstances she learned that her grandmother was alive, and she determined, and put her determination into immediate execution, that she would return home, and comfort, to the utmost of her abilities, the declining years of her venerable parent: but her strength was too far exhausted, and she returned only to receive her grandmother's forgiveness, and to die in her arms.

Lorton's letter was as follows: —

"This letter will be handed you by Susan Maxwell, who is, in the sight of heaven, my wife, and to whom I have bequeathed whatever property I possess, here, and in Ireland. Enclosed you have directions how she is to be put in possession of it; and I depend on your integrity, to have her guarded against any wrong. I have now but three days, as I am informed, to live — for the sake of poor Susan, I could be contented to live longer, but I leave her comparatively happy, for she has forgiven me, and she has reason to believe that I shall meet forgiveness in heaven. Yes, my dear friend, I feel that I shall obtain forgiveness. Rejoice with me — I know you will rejoice. I am no longer the stern, desperate man who had hard-

ened himself to meet death with sullen indifference. My nature is changed—my heart is softened, and a feeling has penetrated my soul that there is mercy even for me. How could I doubt it? Has not God preserved me through the dangers of my profligate life? Has he not sustained me to this hour through sickness and despair? Oh, has he not sent her whom I had most injured to speak my pardon, and to calm my restless agonies? and am I not now approaching death with a heart melted by love and gratitude towards a merciful God, and amidst the precious consolations which he has sent me? I am calm, my friend—calm as an infant, and God has justified his ways to me. There have been times when I have questioned His justice, and thought my lot severer than I merited; when I seemed to stand out from myself, and (as if I were a third person) used to feel a pity for my own sufferings. I have thought of myself deprived in early life of all parental care, denied the advantage of religious or moral instruction; deceived and opposed by those who ought to be my friends; and wronged by those who were appointed my protectors. I looked back upon times when circumstances, over which I had no control, made me a companion for profligates and scorners; when I had

no opportunity of hearing good principles named, except in the language of mockery, or religious persons spoken of otherwise than as hypocrites; when the books I read were, most commonly, such as inflamed my imagination, and tended to impair the good feelings which might, for a time, have supplied the place of principle; and I thought it severe, that, for a life led in accordance with such early habits, I was made the accursed thing which I felt myself to be. But God has deigned to vindicate his ways, and I feel that He will not cast me off. I have no grief upon my mind, but for my poor, forgiving Susan, and even that is happiness in comparison with what my fears for her had been. The bitterness of death is past. The nature of grief is changed—the heart which is softened towards God cannot know the grief I had lately felt; and Susan will survive me with the remembrance of my peaceful death, and with a hope of our speedy re-union. You will be her friend, and, after the keenness of her first anguish is over, she will feel the value of your friendship, and she will be able to speak with you on the mercy of God to me; and she will not be afraid to think of any thing amiable in my character, through a terror that it was only the ornament of a lost creature. You

will be her friend and her protector. I have robbed her of those who were her natural guardians, but I do not fear to meet them now, for Susan has forgiven me, and God has wiped away all tears from their eyes. Farewel, dear ——, I loved you when I seemed your enemy, but it was according to the fashion of my stubborn and impatient heart. I love you now with the affections of a heart which the mercy of God has melted; and, although my sentiments and feelings are not painful, yet there is a tear starting into my eye as I bid you the last farewel that can be uttered on earth.

"God bless you, my earliest friend,

"LORTON."

THE LAST NIGHT OF

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE EDITOR.

The following paper, containing some account of the "Historical Society" of Dublin College, was, I believe, the first sketch which my friend had executed; and from which, perhaps, he had been led on to those which I have already, in this little volume, laid before the public.—In the remarks on the Historical Society, there is plainly discernible, a feeling of deep regret for its dissolution; a regret in which many have participated with my departed friend.— Strong, however, as the regret may be, that such an institution was not strictly compatible with the discipline of the University, I believe there are few who do not feel considerable satisfaction that the Society is not now in existence. In quiet times, when no violent party principles are in operation, and no party feeling is widely

diffused, an institution conducted according to the regulations adopted in the Historical Society, might be of great benefit, and might be a source of much profitable enjoyment: but in times like the present, when political feelings of a very exasperated nature have penetrated into the remotest privacies, and are of so prevailing an interest, as that they cannot be excluded even from the seats of learning; it is a circumstance upon which, perhaps, Ireland may be congratulated, that there is no such institution under the shelter of the University as might call forth these violent passions, and give scope and occasion for very pernicious debate. — At all events, it is to be hoped, that, if the society is to be revived, the Governors of the University will wait for quieter times than the present. — I have thought it necessary to preface my friend's little narrative with these remarks, because I know that they are of the same nature as those which he himself would have made, had he been spared to witness the dissensions which have ripened in his unhappy country.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

WHAT strange, incomprehensible things most of our emotions are.—What cause can there be, that my recollections of the Historical Society should be shadowed by precisely the same kind (not degree) of melancholy as that which tinges my remembrance of some departed friend? How is it that such a feeling should be produced? and to what can it belong? Most of the friends whom I knew in that society are still alive, and few of them are unfortunate. If the society were flourishing I am not so circumstanced as to derive any benefit from it; and yet the thought of it never fails to awaken in me a feeling of bereavement. It is not merely a regret that, by the dissolution of the Historical Society, Dublin College has lost its brightest ornament; nor is it a concern for the privation to which so many young men must now submit. All this I could easily understand. I can even recognize mournful remembrances of emotions which shot forth vividly in more ardent hours, and which perished with the society;—but, beside all this, I am conscious of a strange undefinable feeling which belongs less to

the society than to some genius which presided over it. It is as if the interest of the society was not a thing which resulted merely from its members and its regulations; but that there was some presiding influence which diffused a secret charm around, the power which I felt, although I could not discern its cause; and the memory of which is mingling with my palpable, obvious, reasonable regrets, and communicating to them a visionary and mysterious expression by which their character is totally altered.

It is not my intention, nor my wish, to enter into any arguments respecting the claims which the Historical Society may have had on the forbearance or protection of the College-Governors. My recollections shall be kept carefully estranged from every thing that might minister to angry feelings—they are, essentially, of a peaceful nature, and shall not dwell upon any subject of complaint afforded by petulance on the part of the Society, or severity exercised by "the Board." Wiser thinkers, and more experienced persons than I am, saw good reason to pursue a line of conduct different from that which I would have preferred; and it does not in any degree lessen my respect for their characters, or the estimation in which I hold

their intellect and acquirements, that I am not able to enter into the views which demanded the annihilation of so interesting a society. I speak as I feel myself—I look back to the society with a fond regret, as to the source of pure and elevating enjoyments;—I look back to it with gratitude, as to the influence under which I first learned to think, and where I taught my straggling faculties to submit to whatever discipline they have received;—I look back to the Historical Society, as if the remembrance had arisen upon me of some sweet and sheltered enclosure, where interesting and high-minded youths used to resort for instruction or delight,—where the diligent came to enjoy a profitable relaxation, and the idle were brought into contact with educated minds, and made acquainted with subjects of lofty thought and generous sentiment, and where all the superabundant spirit of first youth was attracted by the elegancies of literature, and engaged in the service of a purifying ambition. These are the remembrances of the Historical Society, which dwell upon my mind; and I cannot think of such meetings without feeling deep regret that they have been discontinued.

It is, however, the object of my present occupation to record, not my regrets, but my remembrances. I

am to sketch briefly some recollections of the Historical Society; and although my intention is principally to detail the proceedings of that night on which its meetings terminated, yet it is necessary, for the betterunderstanding such a detail, to review, in a very few words, the manner in which the business of the society was ordinarily conducted. At the regular meetings of the society, which were held on every Wednesday evening during the greater part of the year, business commenced at half-past six o'clock, by an examination in a certain portion of history, appointed at the preceding meeting; and at the end of the period (consisting of thirteen nights) two silver medals were conferred on the best answerers. After this examination, directed particularly to those who had prepared themselves as candidates for the prizes; but which the examiner (the chairman for the night) was at liberty to make general, the members adjourned for refreshments (consisting of tea and coffee) to a withdrawing room. Here they spoke to each other of the occurrences of the preceding meeting, and inquired about the speakers who were to appear at this. Every where around you there was eager dialogue, and wit was sparkling, and laughter unrestrained; and yet very seldom was an observation to be

heard which could there or elsewhere shame the speakers; and this company, consisting of persons little more than boys, needed no other censors to ensure propriety of language and behaviour, than the illustrious names which were familiar to their lips, and the aspiring thoughts from which they could not stoop to anything sordid and debasing. As the hour of debate drew nigh, you saw the groups thronging out into the society-room, and broken up into small distinct parties. Here you might discern, amidst their friends and admirers, rival candidates for the oratory prizes, and veteran speakers arranging with their partizans the order of their proceedings; and many an untried man, in whose countenance you could read the most determined resolution to eclipse the glories of all modern names, while his words disclaimed every hope of distinction, and he had come perhaps "merely to be a looker-on, and to learn how the medals were likely to be adjudged."

The chair is now taken, and the usual forms having been observed, the question for discussion is proposed, and the pleaders (two persons appointed by the society three weeks previously to the meeting) are called upon to open the debate on either side. Then followed the volun-

teer speakers; and, although perhaps, in the course of a long debate, the oratory was not stimulating enough to counteract a tendency to drowsiness and yawning; yet still the speakers in general showed that they had made themselves acquainted with many facts connected with their subjects, and sometimes recompensed your attention, by an ingenious allusion, or an eloquent appeal. When all who wished to address the chair on the regular question for debate had spoken, the exertions of the more matured speakers commenced, the doors were closed, and the subject of debate became something connected with the business of the society; the reports of committees were received; the conduct of officers was discussed; new laws and regulations were proposed; and extraordinary honours were solicited for deserving but unsuccessful aspirants.

In this part of its business, I thought the appearance presented by the society extremely interesting —so many young men ardent in their mutual opposition, and inflamed by the excitement of debate; and yet, preserving the most unbroken respect for established forms, and the most entire submission to the president's authority; and in the very heat of the fiercest conflict, in mutual charges

and mutual recrimination, observing such deference to the place and for each other, that their bitterest invectives were almost always free from the disgrace of personality; and the opponents of this hour could meet in the next without an angry or an uneasy feeling.

Many a name I could enumerate of youths who, in these debates, were preparing themselves for the eminence towards which, in various departments, they are now advancing, and which some of them have attained. There you might discover the various kinds of talent indicating already the direction which they were to take. You might see the future master of precedent, fortifying himself in debate, amidst the forms of the society; and refusing to surrender to any summons from reasoning, unless authority were on its side. There were the votaries of fancy, who displayed not their subject but themselves; who gave you images for arguments, and attempted to win their way to your heart, not by a direct assault upon its barriers, but by sounding sweet music around them. There was the expert and excitable debater; and there you might perceive how the argument of the watchful and wily sophist grew insensibly; and how the more ardent speaker brooked not the delay

of refuting arguments in parts; but struggled, like the strong man, to break his way, by one impetuous effort, through the chains and difficulties in which his crafty opponent had endeavoured to entangle him.

But whenever I call up again the memory of these debates, I have two forms invariably in the fore-ground of my recollections; and all the other speakers are merely shadows which attend on the entrance of these high personages, and then depart into oblivion. These two were always together in their exertions; and though of equal distinction, yet it is hardly possible to conceive any two beings who, at first view, seemed set in more decided contrast. Figure to yourself the air of the Belvidere Apollo; and, if you can divest your remembrance of the perfect grace of that noble figure, and disturb the beauty of the face with something of harshness, you may have an idea of Sidney's appearance. It was not possible to see him in his serious moments, without recognising the presence of an elevated emotion reigning in his mind. His gestures were frequently awkward, and not quiet enough for the character of command which was natural to him; but the effect of his lofty stature—of his noble head—of his clas-

sical features, and his animated countenance, although it was sometimes impaired by his action, could not be destroyed by it; and I cannot call to my remembrance a single attitude in which I ever saw him, which was not dignified or commanding. Mind seemed present in every part of his appearance. The wonderful flexibility of his countenance appeared to be derived from the vigour with which the governing principle continually acted upon it; and yet I often remarked, that however varied the expression of his countenance might be, whether it assumed a character of tragic pomp, or reflected, as was frequently the case, an appearance of broad humour, still, a shade of pensiveness, such as pervades all varieties of our Irish melodies, might be plainly discernible. In speaking, it was remarkable, that however violent or ungraceful his action might sometimes be, his thoughts and his language seemed always to arrange themselves into the most graceful forms: whatever he thought or said, he accomplished in the best manner; his declamation, never disfigured by any flimsy ornament, not often either adorned with fanciful images, or surprising you by dominant words, always bore the stamp of a noble mind, and was graced with turns of ex-

pression so felicitous, and was so full of vigorous thought, that, although he used to allow himself a much wider latitude in his selection of topics than ordinary speakers could venture to claim, yet he had the happiness to bring with him the minds of his hearers; and it scarcely ever happened that when Sidney was animated, his audience was not deeply attentive. In his reasonings, too, although there were among his competitors some who were more apparently pointed and ingenious, yet he had no superior in the art of unfolding and enforcing the grand original principles on which the subject depended; nor was there any speaker in the society who had power to exhibit his arguments in a clearer light, or who could show them from a better point of view.

His friend Travers, in every thing except abilities, was his opposite. In figure, Travers was of the middle height, and was gracefully and elegantly proportioned; but there was a listlessness and a seeming want of energy about him, which caused his stature to shrink, as it were, into meaner dimensions, and which gave his whole appearance an air of habitual inertness—not the inertness into which you sometimes see a person of energetic mind sinking from intense action—not the heaviness

which follows from despondence or defeat; these appearances indicate excitability and the presence of thought, and do not bear upon them the stamp of an abiding character. He looked like a man destitute of vital action—there was mind and body, to be sure; but there was nothing which to a careless observer denoted the presence of an energetic principle. But with all this appearance of coldness and inactivity, he was like an electric cloud highly charged; and the slightest contact with any thing calculated to arouse him, caused all his hidden energies to burst forth into powerful operation: his appearance became at once totally changed; his half-closed eyes showed themselves awakened into looks of fire; his figure became animated, and his gestures empassioned; and his voice, like the sound of an ill-mastered trumpet, had, in its discordant, or rather unfaithful tones, a martial and heroic expression, which made you think little about the want of a happier modulation: and, immediately after delivering a speech full of fire, highly argumentative and richly ornamented, you might see him relapsing into his torpor as he resumed his seat, or lounging out of the society-room with his eyes half-closed, and his gait spiritless, as if he no

longer retained power enough to give erectness to his figure, or life to his motions.

Nothing could be more strongly contrasted with such an appearance than that of Sidney, who looked, whether in action or repose, "the eagle of his tribe." Nor was there less of dissimilitude between the styles in which these two friends delivered their sentiments in debate. Travers expressed his thoughts in sentences which seemed as if they had all been cast in moulds—there was something of quaintness about his manner, when commencing an address, because the forms of expression he adopted were not those of common life; and he took no pains to disguise the want of resemblance. His figures were all distinct, and were raised out from the subject. His antithesis was strongly and almost obtrusively marked; and there was altogether such an appearance of compactness in every one of his expressions; and each preserved its identity so obstinately; and there was condensed in all of them such thought and passion, that we used to compare them to ball-cartridges, with which Travers was supplied to an infinite abundance. It was remarkable that something of this formality of manner clung round him through an entire speech;

you forgot it to be sure: there was such an ardour in his manner, and his knowledge was so extensive, and his historical applications so well judged, and his imagery so beautiful and so chaste, and the melody of his sentences so agreeable, that you could not think of imperfections; but still, when you reflected, you could not fail to discover this formality of manner, and something of sameness in the structure of his sentences.

Sidney, on the contrary, was, even then, a master of the art of composition. I believe it would be possible to find, in any one of his speeches, an example of every kind of sentence which could accord with his subject. He usually began in the simplest form, and with the most obvious and admitted truths; he seemed unwilling to take it for granted that his audience knew any thing until he had given them information. This was sometimes a fault; but it was a fault which was patiently endured, because he kept up the interest of his hearers by such unexpected graces of expression, and by the anxiety too, which he made them feel in his own difficulties, that the persons to whom his thoughts were previously known, scarcely ever complained of weariness while he was instructing the less informed.—During all this time there was not the

slightest appearance of form in his language or arrangement. You had no means of judging of one sentence by comparing it with another. Each performed its own office, but there seemed no kind of concent or correspondence between their respective forms. The figures, if there were any, had quite a subordinate office — they were intended merely to illustrate or heighten the effect of something in the subject, and, contented with performing this duty, attracted but little notice to themselves.

It was not until he had made the nature of his subject plain to every capacity, that he began to display any thing of himself. Having stated the subject as it was, he proceeded to show what it ought to be. This he usually entered upon by a series of animated and unexpected interrogations. About this time you could perceive the attention of the experienced hearers becoming more intense, and more fearful of losing any of his expressions. Every interrogation he employed taught you to feel suddenly some want which you were not aware of before; and when he resumed the direct manner of addressing his hearers, he found them always more animated and more full of interest than they had been. His manner now changed; it adapted itself to the changed feelings of his audience, and

became lofty and energetic. Passion delights in antithesis and alliteration. Because it magnifies the importance of every thing which it touches, it loves to contrast opposing thoughts; but as it acts powerfully upon the organs of utterance, it causes a tendency to a repetition of the same sound by the material organs, which makes alliteration natural. I know that men of cultivated taste have expressed themselves as if alliteration pleased, rather by its artificial connection with an empassioned thought in the way of an agreeable contrast; but I appeal to the experience of any man who has felt the influence of strong passion, if, in expressing himself, he has not felt a tendency to alliteration natural. So it always appeared when Sidney employed it; but he had so much skill in the management of all his expressions, that he never continued any form longer than his subject required, and his hearers could be affected by it; and these regulated forms of expression were only like the snatches of melody which spring up in a fine piece of music, where, among the ever-varying harmonies which seem to be natural combinations, you hear at times a return upon some sweet melody, which just indicates form and design, and then loses itself amidst the more unconfined graces of the subject.

In this he was strikingly unlike Travers, whose compositions, and whose oratory, was rather like a combination of numerous and varied melodies, each having its own proper close, than a regulated and extensive arrangement of harmony. There was something pointed and epigrammatic about the latter which gave each sentence its own distinct and independant existence; while in Sidney's sytle, every expression was not more remarkable for its inherent beauty, than for its appropriateness to the place in which it was disposed. He was also much more sparing of illustrations and allusions than Travers. Whenever he introduced formally one of these figures, it always produced a powerful effect, for the figure was in itself striking, and the subject demanded it. I remember well the manner in which I was once struck by an allusion of Sidney's. He was speaking on the advantages of "sensibility," in reply to a number of speakers who had endeavoured to prove that it was an evil; and after a ludicrous enumeration of all the arguments which had been used, and which he compared to the arguments by which Sir Luke Lump would prove his wooden leg better than a leg of flesh and blood, he applied himself seriously to the consideration of the subject. A very strong

sensation had been produced by the description which one gentleman had given of the sufferings to which poets were subject: he had produced some instances of their distresses, and enlarged on the story of their melancholy lives and deaths, on the falling away of friends, and on their miseries in a world which was made a desert to them. Sidney found it necessary to combat these arguments; and, after labouring to show how many had by their poetical talents, arrived at happiness as well as distinction, he endeavoured to substitute for the impression which his competitor had produced by an eloquent enumeration of a poet's calamities, something which would be less injurious to his cause. "His friends may forsake him, and the world may be a desert; and yet, even in such calamities, he finds a solace in his genius. Yes, Sir, like the prophet of old, he finds a joy in the wilderness, and his muse is the bird that brings him food from Heaven."

I do not quote this as by any means eminent among the figures which Sidney employed; but as a specimen of what they were. He employed metaphor as often as it was subservient to explanation or conciseness, and not oftener; he not unfrequently instituted analogies, by which he could make the

distinctive character of his views better understood, but he was very sparing of those illustrations which attract to themselves the attention of hearers, and which he took care should never disturb the effect he had previously laboured to produce. Travers indulged more in those illustrations where similitude is unexpectedly discovered in things apparently dissimilar; and where, in consequence, the imagination of the speaker is more conspicuous.

There was another difference. Travers was always more largely furnished with historical references; Sidney's success in such applications arising frequently out of the art with which he employed the facts which had been previously alluded to in debate. The difference arose from the different manner in which the faculties of these young men were exercised. They were both constantly employed in framing theories of morals and policy; but Sidney drew from himself and from what he thought his knowledge of man; and then applied to history to procure a corroboration for his opinions, and a medium of communicating and enforcing them to others: while Travers, on the contrary, began with history, and, from an examination of facts, deduced his theory. He consequently, by simply retracing his own steps in argument, could explain his most

abstruse speculation; while Sidney, who had not collected his theory from observation, but had formed it by an act of mind purely internal, must altogether go out of himself in explaining it, for otherwise every step, which was with him intuitive, would be disputed by persons of weaker imaginations and humbler intellect.

I have dwelt so long upon the characters of these young men, in consequence of a charge often urged against the Historical Society, that it was a means of fostering that flimsy style of composition which it is the pleasure of modern critics to denominate "Irish eloquence," a species of eloquence in which fancy and imagination are exercised not to explain, but to confuse, and where reason is made their victim. Nothing could be more unjust than to put forward such a charge against the Historical Society. I do not mean to say that speeches of such a character were not sometimes delivered amongst us, but they were not the speeches which had power to win distinction. I believe young speakers, in general, if they possess fancy, will, under any circumstances, indulge it in wild and frequent excursions; but they did not in the Historical Society long unwisely indulge it. They soon found that we expected more than dra-

pery; that the man who gave the most of *thought*, and who gave it in the best manner, was the man who was most respected; and accordingly, very soon, every one who possessed the power to attain distinction was to be found speaking in such a manner, as that, even though the ornament and the drapery were cast aside, there could be found beneath them a definite and substantial form. To speakers of this class only was our approbation given.

It is my intention, however, not to leave the character of the society dependent on the views which I have given. By a particular combination of circumstances, I have obtained possession of a manuscript containing a report of the proceedings of the members at their last meeting; and from this report, which was originally taken in short-hand, it is my purpose to select the principal speeches, and lay them before my reader. The society was, perhaps, at no former period, in a more prosperous state than at the time of its extinction. Some years previous to this, its proceedings had been frequently disturbed by angry political discussion; because the leading members were persons engaged in active professional pursuits, and who made the Historical Society an arena for exer-

cising themselves in those discussions which occupied the public attention. This inconvenience was obviated by a very wise decree of the governing body in the university, which directed, that no person not under the control of college discipline should continue to be a member of the Historical Society. The effect of this law was, at first, by excluding the most experienced speakers, to diminish considerably the interest of the debates; but it was soon felt that there was much talent among the junior members which was now called forth, and which (before the night when the society finally adjourned its meetings), had restored to its proceedings much of their former interest.

The debate which terminated so unhappily in the annihilation of the society was, perhaps, as full of interest as any former debate had been. It arose on a question of granting to the auditor (the principal officer of the society) on resigning his office, a public approbation of his conduct. This was generally an occasion for trying the strength of opposing parties, and circumstances gave the present debate something of a peculiar character. During the auditor's administration, a new code of laws had been framed, and the former abrogated; and when the motion to return thanks was made,

and resisted on the ground that violation of the law had rendered the auditor undeserving of such a tribute, it was replied on his behalf, that it was not just to subject his conduct to the rigor of *ex post facto* laws. It was contended, on the other hand, that as the new laws were framed under the inspection of the auditor, and as he had destroyed the old, he had, by permitting no other laws to exist than the new, left the society no other means of forming a judgment upon his deservings; and that it was very unreasonable to expect, that the society should express an unqualified approval of the conduct of a person, who had left only one mode of judging whether his conduct was correct, and who would not be judged by that. On this irregularity the opposition eagerly seized; and for thirteen nights, during which the person immediately concerned abstained from attendance at the meetings, the question of "the remarkable thanks," as they were called, was violently debated. It will be understood that this was a question in no respect involving the character of the highly respectable young man who at that time was auditor; but that it was altogether a trial of strength between the opposition and what, from their ascendancy, may be termed the ministerial party.

Unfortunately it was a trial not altogether confined within the walls of the society rooms. Some personal altercations, the consequence of these protracted debates, arose among the college students; the persecuting spirit of the opposition was violently censured, and the fearless disregard of public justice, and public opinion, manifested by the ministerial benches, as violently retorted. One of these disputes was enflamed to such a height, that, but for the interference of wise friends, it might have terminated most unhappily. The attention of the college authorities was thus drawn to the subject, and having discovered the source in which the unhappy contention had originated, they, in order to cut off all such occasions for the future, sent a mandate to the auditor of the society, ordering that in future there should be no discussion on the business which had furnished matter for what we called "the after debate;" that a committee should be appointed to arrange all the proceedings of the society, and that there should be no inquisition into the conduct of this committee, and no appeal from their decisions. It was also directed, that in future no person should be permitted to become a member until he had completed his junior sophister year; and as the expences of the society

were defrayed principally by the persons thus excluded, it was thought by many that this second restriction was equivalent to the total dissolution of the society. In consequence, humble remonstrances were addressed to the provost and senior-fellows; repeated communications were made and received; and the society were at last summoned to hear the final decision of their governors, a decision from which there was not to be the slightest departure.

When the auditor had communicated the reply of the provost and senior-fellows to the remonstrance of the society, a gentleman rose to address the chair, who was known by the appellation of "the independent member." There were in the Historical Society, as in other more dignified assemblies, two great parties; but Mr. Harvey, although he had attained high distinction, and had filled the office of auditor as well as minor offices with great credit, had never belonged to either. He rarely took part in the debates, and generally, when he did, confined himself to a very brief statement of his views and opinions; nor did he, on this night, deviate from his habit, although more than the usual interest was excited by his appearance, and a slight murmur of expectation ran through the

assembly, when Mr. Harvey, decorated with all his honours (for on the last night of meeting the distinguished members wore their medals), arose to deliver his sentiments.

"Mr. Chairman,

"Upon the communication from the board which your auditor has just read, I am to observe, that it is to be regarded as the final decision of the provost and senior fellows, in reply to various remonstrances which were respectfully laid before them on the part of the society. As chairman of the committee appointed to prepare and present these applications, it is my duty to lay before you a particular account of the remonstrances which we presented, and the replies we received previous to that which your auditor has communicated as the final decision of the board. (Here he read a report of the proceedings of the committee, and then resumed.) The society will have seen by this report, that the restrictions to which our submission is required, are not such as some members of the board may have inconsiderately proposed, and which, consequently, we might find in time withdrawn. You will have seen that every article in the communications was duly weighed by your committee; and that, as far as was in our

power, we endeavoured to show, that, under the proposed restrictions, the Historical Society could not exist. Our remonstrances are before you, and you have heard the decision of the board. You find it declared in that decision, that the regulations which our governors propose they will insist on; and you find it distinctly stated, that from their present determination they will not swerve. Under these circumstances there remains for us but one course — to dissolve our society. If there be any one here who imagines that we may submit to the restrictions, and continue to derive profit from subsequent meetings, I do not ask his voice, I make no attempt to gain it; but if you are all convinced that, under the new regulations, our society cannot exist with honour or advantage, you will not, I trust, allow any mistaken notion of deference for authority to influence your decision. We pay all due respect to college authorities; — we obey their commands; but they do not command that we accept permission to exist on terms which would neutralize the benefits, and impair the dignity of our society. I have the honour, therefore, to propose, that, in consequence of the restrictions to which the society is henceforth to be subject, we do now adjourn our meetings *sine die*."

The motion having been duly seconded, Mr. Austin arose. This was a young man who had been but for a short time a member of the society. He had obtained all the honours of the college course, and when his superiority in the departments of classical and scientific attainment could not be put in jeopardy by exertions in a new pursuit, he had become a member of the Historical Society.

Here he observed the same regularity, and exerted himself with the same diligence which had crowned his fine talents with success in a severer course of study. He remained for one period a silent member; in the second he obtained the first oratory prize by prepared speeches; and he was now in his third period cultivating his powers in the extempore debate, and with a fair prospect of attaining high distinction. It is mournful to reflect upon the loss which society may have sustained in the deaths of two young men such as he and Harvey were. Both on the eve of entering into the profession of the law; about to enter into it with the fairest prospects of attaining professional eminence; both possessing information extraordinary for their years, and encouraged to hope for high success by the predictions of some of the most distinguished members of the profession they

had chosen; both were snatched away from their friends and their country; one by the cureless malady which originated in overwrought and too protracted exertion; one by an accident of the most afflicting kind. But on this night both were in full strength, and elevated in the consciousness of worth, and in the remembrance of atchieved distinction. The one, Harvey, a veteran in the society, as well as unmatched in his college career, who rarely now assisted in our debates, and who, conscious of the authority which accompanied his words, thought it sufficient, except in very complicated cases, to declare his sentiments. The other, something his junior, but equally eminent in his class, was, comparatively, a young member in the society; but his character was high, and his ambition was upon all occasions to single out some eminent opponent, particularly such a one as Harvey, who held so high a place in the society, and who was at no very distant period to be his competitor for the honours and advantages of professional celebrity. With all these feelings in his mind, and with a strong concern for the interests of the society and the authority of the governors of the college, he spoke to oppose the motion for adjournment.

"Mr. Chairman,

"It is a great disadvantage to any fair reasoner that he should have not only to oppose the arguments of his antagonist, but also to imagine them; and it is under this disadvantage that I rise to express my decided opposition to the motion which you are about to propose. The honourable ex-auditor, in submitting his motion, has not thought himself called upon to state the reasons by which it is to be justified; but seems to take it for granted, that every member of the society has already determined what course he is to adopt, or else will determine at once upon hearing the ex-auditor's opinion. I know, Sir, well, how sparing that honourable gentleman usually is of his arguments; I know also how well he has earned the authority to which his claim is now so unhesitatingly acknowledged. I know how he has fought his way, with all the power of argument and eloquence, to the ascendancy he has attained; and how unfair it would be to expect that he should, upon ordinary occasions, descend into the arena of debate, and involve himself in a contest with perhaps an unworthy opponent: but, on such a night as the present, I did expect that every member of the society, not even excepting that distin-

guished gentleman, would come down from his honourable eminence and apply himself to the deliberation in which we are to engage, claiming no other distinction for himself than that which his exertions and the wisdom of his counsels should procure for him. I have been disappointed. The honourable gentleman has not condescended to adopt this course. He has, to be sure, spoken to you of the honour of the society; and he has insinuated that your obedience to the directions of our governors will have the effect of tarnishing it. He has intimated that even the existence of the society cannot be prolonged under the severe restrictions to which we are called on to submit; but he has not given you one single argument to justify the motion he has made. Where shall we then seek for the arguments by which it may be justified? The honourable gentleman declares that the society can judge, because the decision of the board has been read, and the remonstrance of the society is in your secretary's hands. Is it then in these documents that we are to find the principles upon which the extraordinary motion of this night is founded? Is it in the communications of the board? which, if they propose severe regulations, are, at the same time, expressed in a tone of pro-

tection and regard. Surely it is not by a communication uttered in such a spirit that we should feel ourselves constrained to dissolve this valuable society. Are we to look for arguments in the remonstrances which the honourable gentleman has read? Examine these documents—or, rather, will the auditor read the final remonstrances, in which the arguments of the preceding ones are briefly summed up. (Here the auditor read the remonstrances, and Mr. G—— proceeded.) If I am right, and I speak under the correction of the society and the honourable mover of the resolutions upon which we are to decide, the remonstrance you have heard contains no more than two principles upon which the motion can be founded. One is, that the suppression of the "after debate" will destroy much of the interest which the society possessed for the more mature members; and, the other, that the exclusion of the junior sophister class will so diminish our numbers, as in time to sap the very existence of the society. I am ready to acknowledge that the exclusion of this class will very seriously diminish our numbers, but I am not disposed to go all the lengths of the honourable gentleman.

"Such arguments as are now brought forward I

remember to have heard urged upon a former occasion, something similar to the present, in which the board exercised its right to legislate for the society. It was announced, that none should be members of the society who were not still under the control of college discipline; and that, in consequence, all gentlemen whose names had been erased from the college books should be no longer considered as members of the society. What voices and what earnest expostulations were put forward against this rigorous law. The society, it was said, would lose all its attraction and all its efficacy. The members who had the power to educate the tastes and animate the exertions of younger men would be seen in your debates no more. The lights of the society would be all at once withdrawn, and disastrous eclipse would fall upon our meetings. Well, these lights have been withdrawn; the spirit of the society, as the talent of those brilliant men was called, has passed away, and the society has not perished, it has not remained as a "caput mortuum" behind; but I will venture to pronounce, that the junior members have derived more benefit in the absence of these luminaries, and have had their aspirings brought out more powerfully, and have had their faculties better ex-

ercised and better educated than in the society's more gorgeous days. And when I look around me to-night on the members which throng your benches, and on the distinguished speakers who are to be recognized on every side, I cannot but feel, that the severity of the board, in the exclusion of the extern members, has conferred a more lasting benefit upon us than many of those kind and generous compliances with our own wishes which I find recorded with gratitude upon your journals. Should not such a result as this—a result so contrary to all anticipation, teach us to be extremely cautious how we adopt any rash and irrevocable proceeding? It is true that the restrictions to which our submission is required, are severe;—they will narrow the field of interesting discussion in which we have to expatiate; they will diminish our numbers, and so take away the imposing appearance of our assemblies, and something of the excitement which we feel in them. Our after-debate is abridged, but what advantage was to be derived in it, which we cannot have with greater security in the discussion of the regular question? Have we not all that is striking in history—all that is interesting in philosophy—all that is elegant and affecting in literature? and with all this in our power, how can we

suppose that the Historical Society must languish, because its own insignificant details are no longer to agitate our debates, and to keep us night after night disputing about trivial concerns, and inflaming ourselves about the violation of laws and precedents which are worthless with respect to the great purpose for which we meet — the purpose of mutual improvement? Sir, it is monstrous to hear such a proposition asserted. I trust that the good sense of the society will reject it; and reject it without a dissentient voice. It is not for us to deprive our successors of the advantages which in this place they may derive. We are not, for any indulgence to our own irritated feelings or our extravagant notions, to close the doors of this venerated temple against those who might hereafter upbraid our memories for the loss they must sustain. I trust, Sir, that the society will reflect upon the solemn duty they owe their successors, on the obedience we owe our college governors; and that, even though they may consider their present restrictions as a grievance, they will regard it as a grievance which it is their duty to bear, until they can persuade their rulers to withdraw it, or until other governors and other times may grant to them a more acceptable arrangement."

Here several persons arose; but the chairman ruled that Mr. Travers was in possession of the chair.

"Sir,

"I agree with the honourable gentleman. We should wait for better times and more indulgent governors—but we should wait for them in the dignity of silence, not in the abjectness of ineffectual supplication;—we should wait for better times, but we should not accustom ourselves to any degrading submissions in the present." (Order, order, by several voices; and the chairman interrupted Mr. Travers, to observe that no submissions which the college board demanded could be degrading to the students; and that he could not consent to hear any thing which implied disrespect for any of the college authorities.) Mr. Travers—"Sir, I mean nothing disrespectful;—there is not a person beneath this roof—there is not on the college books, the name of an individual more averse than I am from any thing which might appear disrespectful; but I cannot admit, that in the use of the expression for which I have received your censure, there is any thing which may justly be condemned. If the provost and senior fellows had allowed us no option; but insisted that we should

accept the regulations they offer on pain of their displeasure, and of censure for disobedience, then I admit, that to suppose the restrictions degrading would be to impute improper conduct to the board. But, Sir, we are not called upon to obey, therefore we may question the dignity of obedience; we are not called upon to make these submissions, we may therefore call it degrading to make them. The language of the board is not— 'We desire that the Historical Society shall be maintained, but under new regulations;' it is, 'We send regulations by which you are in future to be governed, and we leave you the option of submitting to the regulations or dissolving your society.' Is not this, Sir, to make us judges of the alternative? Is it not to leave it to our own minds what our conduct is to be? Who then but ourselves is to determine upon the manner in which we are to regard the submissions which the last honourable speaker requires you to make? I therefore repeat it, Sir, that the honourable gentleman who has just sat down requires of us that we submit to regulations which must dishonour us. The board requires no such submission; it leaves us at full liberty to yield, or to withhold our assent. It leaves it to our own feelings whether we shall ac-

count submission honourable, or the reverse: and I make use of the privilege which the board allows, and repeat again, that if we submit to the regulations it proposes, we shall be dishonoured in the eyes of our contemporaries, and dishonoured in the judgment of our successors. We owe, the honourable gentleman says, a solemn duty to those successors. — Yes, Sir, we owe them a solemn duty; but it is the duty by which we are bound to preserve inviolate the honour of this society. It is not the duty which constrains us to petition for life — life — on any terms — life. It is not the duty which constrains us to exchange animated and free debate for meagre and listless disquisitions. It is not the duty which constrains us to exchange a crowded and interested auditory, for meetings at which a few straggling figures shall serve to make it only the more apparent that our benches are deserted. No, Sir; let our successors behold this society in its strength; or let them respect its memory. Let them feel it in the liberalizing spirit which it diffuses through all classes of our community; or let them mourn that that spirit has departed. Let them see it in its majestic course flowing along with fertilizing influence: let them hear that it has been dried up:

but let them not behold its glory and its power shrunk away: let them not behold it without grace or richness, or majesty.

Arentem Xanthi cognominis rivum.

"This, Sir, is what I deprecate. I can bear well that the society should cease to exist. I scarcely know any price too great at which the continuance of its existence should be prolonged; but that it should exist in the manner in which it must from henceforth — manacled — inglorious — abject; — if I could consent to this, I should feel almost as if the journals of its past days, as if the very walls of this place which have so often echoed to free discussion, had looked reproachfully upon me.

"It is suggested to you, that because the society has borne the loss which it sustained in the exclusion of its extern members, it shall likewise survive the present projected dismemberment. It might with equal propriety be inferred, that because a man has survived the loss of his right-eye, he may live on still when his heart has been torn from him. Look around you, Sir, and see who are they who occupy the largest portion of our benches, and you will recognize on all sides of you members of the junior sophister class. Who are they whose

uniform attendance at our meetings is most remarkable?— the junior sophister class. And who are they (and this, Sir, is no slight consideration) who contribute the most largely to defray the expences of the society?— still the junior sophister class. When the governors of our college came to the resolution of depriving us of the advantages we derived from the presence of extern members, they imposed a hardship on us; but it was one which we could bear. Our society was stripped of its brightest ornaments; but the principle of its existence was not invaded. Our pecuniary resources were in no respect diminished; nor was the fulness of our meetings sensibly decreased. We were deprived of much profit and delight; but perhaps it may be true, that the complete separation from the busy world which we purchased by this loss, and the estrangement which ensued from every topic of political excitement, and the increased spirit with which junior members were encouraged to engage in debates where their exertions could no longer be termed presumptuous, were more than an equivalent for the privation to which we submitted.

"But what is there in the present restriction to which we can find any thing analogous in the honour-

able gentleman's example? The extern members contributed nothing to the necessary expences of the society. The junior sophister class defrays the greater portion of them. The extern members contributed in a very small degree to the fulness of our meetings. The junior sophister class constitutes, in general, more than half of our assembled body. The extern members furnished us with some few cultivated orators and expert debaters, who repressed every ardent daring of younger men by the visible display of practised forensic ability; and we all of us were well contented to be silent admirers of their talents: we all of us furnished merely the grouping of the assembly in which we served to set off these leading figures. But the junior sophister class takes its place in a different manner. It mingles in our debates, or it studies our institutions. It instructs us by its ability, or encourages by its attention. Here is then, Sir, a distinction which cannot be evaded: and no reasonable man can expect to persuade his hearers, that because the society has survived the loss of members, who neither contributed to the expences, nor aided largely the purposes of the institution, it must survive when it has lost the assistance of a class which has so very largely contributed to both.

"It cannot be necessary that I should occupy the time of the society by speaking at any length on the nature of the second restriction. We are told, that although we are excluded from all tangible matter for debate, the regions of literature and philosophy are open to us. To many a mind this is like the permission of Minos, when he left the air free for the unfortunate artist. We soon lose the power to draw from such subjects any oratorical excitement. There is nothing of uncertainty about them. Our efforts must be quite unavailable as to any result; and we contemplate all such subjects in a spirit of calm investigation, rather than animate them by the ardour of our own excited passions. It is not then to be expected, that debates upon such subjects should be efficient in cultivating the practical effective energies of a public speaker, in the same degree as we can be educated by the excitement and emergencies of our after-debate. But, however, this a point which I would be content to waive; and, however I might regret the restriction, I would be satisfied to submit to it at least for the present, and make trial of its consequences. But the other is a restriction which I am well convinced we cannot endure; and therefore even if I were alone in my opposition, I should

raise my voice against it. But alone in my opposition I shall not be. You feel too well the importance of the present motion, not to yield to it the attention which it deserves; and to examine it with an unprejudiced mind, is to adopt it.

"You are legislating, as you have been told, not for yourselves only; you are to fix your minds upon the interests of your successors also, and upon the manner in which they will regard your determination. The honourable gentleman calls upon you to preserve for them the wreck of a society where the meetings shall be without dignity, and the debates lifeless; a society in which there shall be recognised no grace or vigour, which might serve to shield it from the humiliation into which it shall be reduced, and in which it must of itself languish away into a merited oblivion, or be extinguished by the slightest breath of college disapprobation. This is the proposition of the honourable gentleman. Against this *we* protest.—We call upon you, now, before you are shorn of your beams, while you are strong in the resources of zeal and ability; while you are honoured in the approval of friends whose praise is fame; while you have it in your power to make the college dark by your departure, and to bequeath a glorious

memory to your successors. We call upon you now to dissolve. Let no wasting influence sap your strength, or cause your honours to wither away. Let no blasted, mutilated, unlovely trunk be, at a future day, your piteous representative. Now, while you are flourishing and vigorous; now, before one shadow has fallen upon your reputation; now dissolve, and choose rather that your society shall live in the memories of admiring successors, then that it should waste away lingeringly and ingloriously before them."

Here Mr. Travers sat down amidst loud and general applauses. After some time, Mr. Sykes arose; this was a gentleman, who, by dint of assiduity, had obtained some reputation in his college-course, but who had not sought any honours in the society. He was not without abilities; but he was almost totally destitute of generous sentiment, and in consequence, having nothing of what has been called the credulity of great souls, or of that power by which they can find excitement and interest in objects which are not obviously attended by profit, he imagined himself established in a superiority over his more enthusiastic cotemporaries; he seldom entered into the spirit of any debate; it was his pleasure, as far as his power

extended, to render by ridicule every debate uninteresting, and to represent in a ludicrous aspect the sentiments and the animation of other speakers. Every member of the society had means of judging, as well as he had, the degree of importance which should be attached to its debates; all were capable of being hurried away in the elevation and enthusiasm of the moment, with the single exception of Sykes. No excitement had power to disturb the supercilious calmness with which he regarded these puerile discussions, and he mistook the want of that generous ardour with which other hearts were fired, for the possession of a superior understanding. There was in his appearance a mingled expression of meanness and reflection. You would not say that his *thoughts* were occupied about mean objects, but you could scarcely fail to observe the presence of vulgar *sentiments*. Over his whole air and manner there was diffused a redundant spirit of self-complacency, arising out of an insensibility to all that was dignified above him; and his eyes which were prominent and small, (or rather ill-opened,) gave to his countenance an expression which was destitute at the same time of candour and sagacity. Such was the man who arose from the back benches of the society room,

and from a little knot of admirers (for he, too, had his admirers), spoke in a tone of mock-heroic to the following effect.

" Mr. Chairman,

" Well does the gentleman who has just sat down deserve the plaudits with which he has been greeted, for he has taught us all to think with feelings of proper respect of the Historical Society. Until to-night, I had imagined, ignorantly no doubt, that we constituted a society, useful perhaps to ourselves, but obscure in the eyes of the world. I had thought that our meetings had little more to recommend them than the pleasure and profit they afforded; but now I find how greatly I had been mistaken, and how unworthy an estimate I had framed. We can make the college dark, we can make the world mourn; we can recal in our decline a memory of the ruin which has passed over ancient cities; all Europe, I suppose, is hushed into a fearful suspence, awaiting the decision of this night; and I expect that the chroniclers of future times shall report it as a remarkable coincidence, that in the same century the Dynasty of Napoleon passed away, and the Historical Society of Dublin College adjourned finally its meetings. Oh, mighty conjunction of events reserved for our age to behold! Oh, fa-

voured assembly that we are, destined to take a part in such magnificent events! Well may the honourable gentleman speak to us of honour, when he knows that the whole civilized world stands gazing on our proceedings. Well may he speak to us of honour, when he knows that there is not a language written upon earth in which the decision of this night shall not be blazoned, and the name of the society recorded in public journals familiarly as in our own 'Morning Freeman.' And who can shrink at such an awful moment from the post of honour? who can calmly estimate the advantages to be derived from caution, against the injury which might be done to our unstained reputations? It is true, that, by observing the dictates of cold prudence, we might serve ourselves and the society. We might convince the Board, that petulance does not govern our deliberations. We might convince them, that we are well pleased to be guided by their experience, and that we respect their authority. We might, by a continuance in such conduct, win back permission to open our doors again to fuller numbers, and obtain a wider latitude for our debates; and we might satisfy ourselves, and convince all who may be disposed to malign every thing noble, that in our decision, there is nothing hasty or intemperate; but that, having it always in our

power to pass the motion for final adjournment, but having no power to recall such a resolution if once adopted, we did not rashly pass the motion, but waited until it was unavoidable. These advantages we might, to be sure, expect from delay. But are they an equivalent for meeting the gaze of a disappointed world? Are they to be a compensation for our forfeited honour, and for a mutilated society? No, Sir, let us indulge the honourable orator, and the honourable mover. Let us, in opposition to all maxims of prudence and duty, consent to the adjournment. But let us give no cold or quiet consent; the world expects that we perform some act worthy of ourselves and of the occasion. Mere words are not sufficient; we must do a deed, which will in reality immortalize us. The Historical Society must not expire without appropriate honours; it must not go out like the rush-light over a cottage-hearth; we must perform an act which shall cause our names to be enrolled in bright story; we are pressed on every side by an imperious enemy; he has cut off our resources, and threatens our destruction, or, worse than worst, the destruction of our honour. We must disappoint this overbearing enemy, and make ourselves more illustrious in ruin than we

were in the pride of acknowledged greatness. —Numantia must be acted again—and we must die all—die nobly—die like demigods.

"I have therefore the honour to move, as an amendment to the motion for adjournment, that, impressed by a sense of the difficulties which surround us, the society adopt the resolution of perishing phœnix-like; that, for this purpose, we collect all the benches, desks, and books, into a large funeral pile, in the centre of which the members shall stand assembled; that nothing be reserved except the chairman's robe, which is to serve as a pall for the collected ashes; that when all is prepared, one member shall provide himself with a torch, and having reached the door of the society-room, he shall fling back the torch into the pile, properly prepared to catch at once the flames; and that on the following day he shall return to pay all appropriate honours to the ashes of the immolated members. This, Sir, is my amendment, and I offer myself as a sacrifice on the altars of honour, to be the miserable member who survives."

Mr. Sidney rose.

"If the present, Sir, were an ordinary occasion, I should think it not out of course to offer some

remarks on the conduct and address of the last honourable speaker, and might perhaps venture to offer him, with all deference, some little advice. I might venture to remind him, that irony is not always a mark of superiority; and that when Homer speaks of a man whose habit it was to interrupt grave councils, and disturb, with the language of buffoonery, the debates of zealous men, he characterises him as the basest man in the entire Grecian army; and I should entreat of the honourable gentleman not to sully his reputation by imitating conduct so unworthy of himself, and so unsuitable to the present occasion. But upon a night like this, it is not possible to permit a single thought to deviate from the subject of debate, however irritating the language may be, which would distract us from our solemn duty. We are met on a grave, and to us a momentous occasion. A question involving nothing less than the existence of our society stands at issue. We do not fancy that we possess any important place in the world's regard. We do not imagine that our conduct can occupy any prominent place in public discussions; but we all of us know, that a generous man will blush at the thought of dishonour, though darkness and seclusion were to be

for ever around him; and we, therefore, obscure and unimportant as our meetings are, shrink from the thought of any thing degrading, with as trembling a regard to our honour as if we occupied a station upon which the looks of the whole world were intently fixed. I trust, Sir, that our decision shall not be such as to disgrace us, and that we shall determine upon motives as far removed from petulance on the one side, as they are distant on the other from any mean or selfish considerations.

"It has been observed, that the honourable gentleman who opened the debate, did not preface his motion by any arguments: but who could imagine, that, on an occasion like this, argument should be thought necessary? Are we come to the discussion of any new and unexpected measure? No, Sir, we are met to decide on a question, which has, for the last three weeks, filled the mind of every member of the Society; a question which has been present to our thoughts at every moment of that time, and from which, I will venture to affirm, we could not disengage ourselves: and shall it be expected, that now, when we come here to record our determination, rather than to form it, any man shall entertain the chimerical notion, that he can

alter his opponent's conviction, or render his friends assurance still more sure, by producing some unthought of argument?—Argument!—A man may display ingenuity by devising a new one; but to think that he can thus add to the authority of the testimony by which our convictions are enforced,—he might as well hope to increase the mathematician's certainty with respect to an admitted truth, by presenting him with a new demonstration of it. The honourable mover knew this, and he consulted alike for the dignity of this assembly, and for his own high reputation, by disdaining to occupy your time with any cold or unnecessary argumentation. But, Sir, since argument is required, I do not refuse to our respected adversaries the satisfaction they demand; and here, where so many junior members are assembled, it may not perhaps, be without its use, that they should hear a recapitulation of what perhaps, they all already know, and what they have heard in part to-night so eloquently stated; the reasons by which we feel ourselves called upon to adopt the extreme measure of dissolving the society."

Here Mr. Sidney entered into a particular detail of the reasons which rendered the measure of adjournment unavoidable. He began by stating

from authentic documents, the amount of income derived from the junior sophister class, and the fulness of attendance which was ensured by their admission into the society. He next proceeded to show the importance of the debates which arose on the internal management of the concerns of the society, or what was called the after-debate. This part of his speech was prefaced by the following remarks: —

"Whatever our society might have been at its first institution, it has now become, more especially, a school for the cultivation of oratory. We give prizes for the acquirement of historical knowledge; we encourage and cherish poetical aspirings; but for the cultivation of these objects an association is not necessary. Solitude is more congenial to the true poet; solitude is better adapted to the calm study of history; but I believe there is but a single instance recorded of eloquence nurtured in seclusion; and this an instance totally inapplicable to the case of ordinary men; and, indeed, to the nature of modern assemblies. We study oratory now as much for the sake of becoming ready, as of becoming great, speakers. The advantage to a modern of oratorical exercise, is not that it should enable him to come forward with a

power and persuasion which may by a single effort render his name immortal; but that it may have procured for him a facility of arranging his thoughts amid the emergencies of debate in lucid order, and with the most effective conciseness. This is the great end of oratorical exercise amongst us, that it shall relieve us from the embarrassment which clings round an unpractised speaker, and threatens to disturb or strangle his thoughts as they arise. Into a school for such preparation our society has been converted; and although we still denominate it historical, and although we liberally encourage exertions in other departments, we encourage them rather as essential to an orator's education, than from any hope that our encouragement can raise them to an independent pre-eminence."

Sidney then proceeded to prove the importance of the "after debate," as constituting a material part of the orator's education. He showed, that if, in preparing for the debate on the regular question of the night, the judgment and the taste were exercised, and knowledge acquired and arranged; in the debate on the concerns of the society, the members acquired an expertness and an address which they could not otherwise attain: and that readiness of reply was much more likely to be

obtained in the emergencies of such a debate, than in the discussion of a subject where all the arguments might be previously known, and all the objections anticipated: and he dwelt on the importance of preserving a debate where the speakers must be inventive to a much greater degree, than in a contest, where all that was to be said on either side had been already discoursed of by able men. He then proceeded to show, that the effect of discontinuing this second debate, would be to deprive the meetings of the society of the interest derived from the exertions of the more matured speakers; and, after having shown that this must be a necessary consequence, he proceeded thus:—

"Suppress this second debate, therefore, and you strike out of your rolls the names of all those who are advanced enough to be benefited by it.—Suppress this debate, and the purity of our institution, although it may be unsullied, may not be unimpeached. The officers of the society cease to be obnoxious to the voice of your censure. Your approbation is no longer an object of their desire; and whether an officer conduct himself with a fair and honourable regard for the interests of the institution, or whether he study to promote some private purpose of himself or his immediate friends,

—whether an auditor fairly announce the question for debate at the same time to the entire society, or give previous information to some friend who means not to contend for your oratory prizes, but to purloin them,—whether he propose, as the portion of history to be read, a subject generally interesting or useful, or only some (perhaps unedifying) passage in which he knows his friend to be fully informed, you can have no voice in the determination,—you must submit to private interest, instead of being governed by motives of general application; and the officer, when the date of his commission has expired, passes away from his public duties, without the gratification of your approval, or the pain of your expressed displeasure.

"Who, Sir, could take an interest in such a society? Who could endure the disgust, or even the doubt, to which he would be exposed by the operation of such a dictatorship? Who could endure to have a proposal which he thought profitable for our body, not rejected by the assembly for whose service it was intended, but thrown back upon him by the veto of some supercilious officer? If, Sir, our society is to be interesting, our debates must be free; and when you have made your

goyernment an oligarchy, and an oligarchy not responsible, you have pronounced the sentence which banishes eloquence and excitement from amongst us. Here, then, are the reasons why I give my support to the motion for adjournment. They are, that under the proposed restrictions, the interest of our society must be totally destroyed; for, without the aid of the junior sophister class, our resources must be feeble, and our assemblies thin; and without the operation of the after-debate, the purity of our proceedings must become questionable, and the great purposes for which we have been instituted cannot be attained. — For these reasons; because the proposed restrictions must immediately destroy the interest of the society, and speedily terminate its existence, I vote for the adjournment. To such a vote we must certainly all soon give assent; and the only question to be considered is, whether we shall immediately adopt it. An honourable gentleman has told you that this is unnecessary and unwise. He tells you, that the extreme measure is always in your power; but that, if once adopted, it can never be recalled. I would ask that honourable gentleman, Sir — if you, on this night, submit to the restrictions within which you are henceforth

to act, what remains in your power?—Power to dissolve! You have such a power now; but if you refuse to exert it, where will it be at your next meeting? Let it be, for an instant, supposed that we accept the regulations which are offered to us by the board; and suppose, that on our next meeting, or, let it be said, in the course of a few months from this, we find our assemblies deserted by all those who are now their ornament; —suppose the debate to have become wearisome, and that the benches are but partially occupied by a few languid hearers;—suppose the decline of what was valuable in the society to advance with rapid strides;—suppose that, instead of a generous competition for honours, and the consequence of the spirit which it fosters, high intellectual efforts in every department of study which you encourage, you are compelled to behold your prizes made the prey of ignoble minds, and obtained by dishonourable intrigue;—suppose yourselves thus condemned to witness the departure of every thing that graced and enlivened your meetings, and the introduction of much that is vile;—suppose this imagination realized, and ask yourselves, or ask the honourable gentleman, where are your means of redress? Are you then, and not until then, to

find, that no means are left you to express the honest indignation you feel, that your society has fallen so low? Shall there be nothing left, but that every member who could reflect credit on the institution shall withdraw himself from meetings in which it would be disgraceful to assist; — and shall the Historical Society, called into existence, and reared up to a flourishing maturity, by the exertions of great men, who were here the best loved children of the university, and who were, in their after lives, the bulwarks and the glory of their country, — shall this majestic society become only the foul resort of spirits not honourable enough to feel that the worth of a prize depends upon the means by which it has been won; — that success is but the crowning of the efforts which have procured it; — and that, where the efforts have been vicious, their consummation, of what kind soever it be, must be reproachful?

"On this position, Sir, a position which the honourable gentleman has himself laid down, I take my stand. From this, I warn the society not to suffer the opportunity which is left them, to escape. — Reject the motion for adjournment. Accept the regulations of the board; and although your society shall degenerate into extreme cor-

ruption, you have deprived yourselves of all power to signify more than an individual dissatisfaction, by withdrawing your name from its rolls. But if you will adopt the honourable resolution, (honourable I repeat, Sir, however little it may suit the notions or the feelings of any sarcastic or facetious member), the resolution to adjourn, you will soon find that the most honourable course is that which is most wise. You will then have established no precedent for lifeless and uninteresting discussions. You will not have familiarised the society and the university to listless and thin assemblies. You will not have accustomed your members to yield all power of judging and acting to an irresponsible council. You will not have rendered your prizes worthless, by making the adjudication of them an object of suspicion; but, having existed to this hour in the fulness of reputation and utility, you will leave behind you a spirit to animate the exertions of worthy successors, and a pure and perfect model according to which they may fashion the structure of a future society."

When Sidney sat down, the motion for adjournment was proposed from the chair, and carried with scarcely any dissent. Thus ended the last debate of the Historical Society. The account

which I have laid before my reader is necessarily imperfect. Taken down, as it was, by a person of little practice or experience in the art of short-hand writing, it cannot give a completely adequate idea of either the faults or the merits which characterized the different speakers; and I should also observe, that I have omitted some details, which, however necessary and pertinent at the time when the arguments were delivered, might at present appear tedious and uninteresting. Still I consider the debate as, on the whole, a fair specimen of what we were accustomed to regard as good speaking, — the kind of speaking to which we gave, most readily, the encouragement of our attention and applause.

It is among my regrets, that at this last, most interesting debate, I was not present. I was compelled, by important duties, to be absent during the early part of the night, and had promised my friends that I would attend at an hour before which I imagined the debate could not have commenced; but, unfortunately for me, all ordinary business had been set aside on that night, and the question of adjournment was that which was first discussed. Not taking into account that such an arrangement was probable, I thought that I had

anticipated the time of debate, when I found myself approaching the society-rooms some minutes before the time appointed for my attendance. It had been, on former occasions, a habit in which I frequently indulged, to pause on the staircase and listen to the sound of a speaker's voice, before I could distinguish his words. I felt it pleasing to hear the various cadences of the voice; to distinguish in the same speaker the varieties of feeling which manifest themselves in a young orator in his briefest efforts; to hear by turns the raised tone of passion, — the steady, deliberate manner which denoted confidence in one's subject or resources, and the hesitating, unassured intonations when the subject failed, or the thoughts became perplexed or wandering. I had found it pleasing to catch these various tones as they came, without conveying any definite meaning, through the closed doors of the society-room, sometimes reaching my ear in detached interrupted sounds, with frequent pauses between; sometimes borne upon me in a rapid and continuous flow, as the increasing energy of the speaker gave him a greater command over thoughts and language. But, upon this night, I was too sensible of the importance of the subject to be discussed, to indulge myself in

such dainty and fantastical enjoyment. I did not observe even that there was silence around me, until, as I ascended the staircase, I beheld the open doors of the society-room; and then, for the first time, I conjectured that the last meeting had been held, and that the society existed no longer. On entering, instead of the animated conflict I had lately expected, I found the rooms silent and deserted, but the lights were still blazing, and every thing remained in the most exact order, except that some person had cast the president's robe as a pall over the forsaken chair of state, and that the busts of great men which ornamented the various niches had their faces averted from the lights, and turned towards the wall.

The sensations which I experienced at that moment, although some years have since elapsed, cannot yet, when I remember them, call forth a smile. Nor, although it may, perhaps, be true, that the course of collegiate studies is improved, and that science is cultivated with a more entire devotedness, can I yet think it a childish regret, with which I look back to the extinction of the society. I cannot think it childish to feel a regret that the graceful and animated competition which the society made so general, and the innocent and

elegant relaxation which it afforded, should be dissevered from the advantages of collegiate life; and even though it were proved (and proof, I imagine, it would be difficult to obtain) that, according to the system now adopted, some few scholars of higher eminence have been made, or shall be made, still I would not think it childish to assert, that a slight inferiority of some few scholars in a single department of science, was amply compensated by the diffusive and liberalizing influence of the Historical Society. This influence, whatever it might have been, is now extinct. If, in the course of years, it be felt that its loss is to be deplored, an effort will surely be made to revive it; and it should be the wish of all who were acquainted with the society at its close, that there may be found at its restoration, spirits as generous and talents as cultivated and as high, as those which constituted its glory at the period when extinction came upon it.

THE END.

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